

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

AUGUST, 1839.

Embellishments:

PORTRAIT OF MR. STEVENS' JANETTE; *on Steel*, by DICK after TROYE.
 RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND; *on Steel*, by DICK after LANDSEER.

Contents:

	Page.
TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS, Etc.....	426
SPORTING REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE DR. T.; By "AMICUS".....	427
COLLINEOMANIA; By "J. CYPRESS, JR.".....	429
JANETTE AND HER MEMOIR; By THE EDITOR.....	433
LUZBOROUGH AND HIS GET; By "J.".....	434
THE SPORTING LOOKER-ON AND REFLECTOR; By "ALFRED SELBORNE".....	435
COMPARISON OF THE SPEED OF HORSES; By "SENEX".....	437
RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND; By THE EDITOR.....	439
THE ASS RACE—AN EXTRAVAGANZA; By THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.....	441
AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN; By "CENTAUR".....	448
ON PAVING OR BOTTOMING OF STABLES; By F. C. CHERRY, ESQ., V. S.	454
A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS; DAY THE THIRD. By "FRANK FORESTER".....	457
REMINISCENCES OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN; By "N. OF ARKANSAS".....	467
"JOHN BULL IN AMERICA"; By "Kuvnyos.".....	468
ON DESIGNATING THE COLOR OF HORSES; By "J. A. J.".....	470
THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS"; By "PENDLETON".....	471
CURING THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS; By "J. A. J.".....	472
LOCKJAW; By "P.".....	473
THE AMERICAN TURF AND ITS CHRONICLING; By the Ed. of London Sport. Mag.	473
TYCHICUS AND AUTOCRAT; By "JUSTICE".....	477
FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON THE SPRING CAMPAIGN; By "OBSERVER".....	478
NOTES OF THE MONTH; By THE EDITOR.....	480
MATCHES.....page 480	THE DERBY AND OAKS.....page 481
SALES OF STOCK....." "	NAMES CLAIMED....." "
ROANOKE COLT SHOW....." "	OUTLINE OF BLOOMSBURY....." 482
TURF REGISTER.....	483
STOCK OF SAMUEL BUNCH, ESQ.....page 483	PEDIGREE OF JONES' VIRGINIAN...page 483
" " J. B. RICHARDSON, ESQ....." "	STOCK OF DR. J. M'K. GAGE....." 484
" " W. G. HARDING, ESQ....." "	" " MESSRS. PERRY & STARKE " "
AMERICAN RACING CALENDAR, 1839. RACES AT	
GALLATIN, TENN.....page 25	HUNTSVILLE, ALA.....page 27
COLUMBUS, MISS., HYDE PARK COURSE....." "	CYNTHIANA, KY....." "
LEXINGTON, KY....." 26	FAYETTE, MO....." 28
MOUNT PLEASANT, MAURY CO., TENN." "	VELASCO, TEXAS....." "
LIVINGSTON, ALA., PICTON COURSE...." 27	LOUISVILLE, KY., OAKLAND COURSE " "

THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

In the July number of the "Register" we expressed the intention of commencing in the present, the re-publication of the ENGLISH RACING CALENDAR, and if the labor was not beyond our strength, to supply the pedigrees of the winners at least. We were induced to make such an intimation, from the fact that we had ordered in England, in addition to our other Sporting publications, a copy of JOHNSON'S "British Turf Register" from its commencement, as well as his Book and Sheet "Racing Calendar," in which are given the pedigrees of the horses on the Turf in a more convenient form for reference than they are to be found in WEATHERBY'S Calendar, which we have. The unexpected detention of the "British Queen" in which they were to be shipped from London, places it out of our power to commence the English Racing Calendar in this number, unless we publish it without the pedigrees, so that we have concluded to defer it until we can make it intrinsically valuable to all our readers.

We are indebted to R. O. T., and T. D. J., the amanuensis of H. E., for several interesting facts relative to *Janette's Memoir*. Can any one supply us with the produce of her dam—her breeder's name, and any other particulars relative to her early history?

"Senex" writes that Secretaries of Clubs should be more careful, and goes on to point out several errors that have occurred in pedigrees. For instance, on page 15 of the Racing Calendar, the Secretary of the Club at Washington gives *Rob Roy* as the sire of *Wonder's* dam, while the Secretary of the Baltimore Club, on page 16, gives *Rattler*. The first is correct. On page 15, also, *Jemima Wilkinson* by *Rattler*, is given as the dam of *Tom Walker*; it should read *Experiment's* dam by *Rattler*. For "Trenton by Monmouth Eclipse," it should read, Trenton by Eclipse Lightfoot. When we are positively certain we of course correct a pedigree that is erroneous. It not unfrequently occurs that different pedigrees of the same horse reach us the same week, from different Secretaries; if we cannot ascertain which is the correct one, what are we to do? We have as much authority for the one as for the other; it has occurred but twice, however, that we have been obliged to publish a pedigree in two different ways. The Secretary of the Washington Club wrote us that *Wonder's* dam was by *Rob Roy*, and insisted upon it, while the owner of *Wonder* was equally sanguine that *Rattler* was the sire of his dam. It turns out, however, in this case, that the Secretary was correct.

Letters and Communications from the following gentlemen will be attended to in our next:—M. W., of Chester C. H., S. C.—G. W. O., Cecil Co., Md.—J. B. R., of York, Ill.—H. H., of Bainbridge—W. B., of Bardstown, Ky.—T. M. D., of Jasper Co., Ga.

We would like to oblige T. W., of Lexington, Miss., and will publish his article if he should still prefer it, though we cannot think it would serve the cause he advocates. Several friends of his "farther North," have taken up the matter with zeal, and it would look like "running the thing into the ground" to press the matter further. The Racing Calendar of the last campaign "heaps coals of fire on the heads" of —'s detractors, and from present indications the "roasting" will be "ditto repeated" this Fall.

The names of Jim Loudon, Sie Guillelt, London Briggs, Bob Walker and Jesse Scott, are bespoken.

J. S. M. R.'s request shall be communicated to the parties.

G. B. C., Esq., of Southampton, shall hear from us through the mail. Is there no way in which he can be induced to become a regular correspondent?

J. A. J., would find a good "market to purchase" Durham cattle in this section of the country. He is referred to page 111, of the Register for 1839.

We hail with the utmost pleasure the re-appearance of "*Panton*" and "*Pendleton*," in the pages of this magazine. There are but five selected articles in the present number, and if the old and favorite correspondents of this work can be brought back to "their first love," in addition to the new ones that have sprung up, we may challenge competition with the most original, useful and elegant sporting periodicals in the world.

Among our new Correspondents "*J. Cypress, Jr.*" stands conspicuous, as the elegant writer of those delightful sketches in the "American Monthly Magazine," under the designation of "FIRE-ISLANDANA," which attracted so much attention in this country and Europe some years since.

Ere this, probably, our correspondent "*Kuvnyos*" has set his foot on the shores of Old England—his native home. He carried with him the affectionate remembrances of many a transatlantic friend, which his good sense and manly bearing won for him during a brief sojourn in this country. We anticipate the utmost gratification personally and for our readers, by the continuation of his correspondence.

We are obliged to omit in this number a list of the foals of the present season in the Breeding Studs of WM. WILLIAMS and DENJ. UGLE TAYLOR, Esqrs., and the Addition to the Stock of HENRY A. TAYLOR, Esq., the two pages devoted to the register of Stock being in type before their arrival. A List of Mr. E. H. BOARDMAN'S Stud is also in type.

SPORTING REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE DR. T.

JOB, BY ECLIPSE—HIS MATERNAL ANCESTRY, ETC.

THE pedigree of the renowned horse whose name precedes this article, recalls some curious reminiscences and associations. It is of "the first water,"—"sans tache"—from "Castianira, the dam of Sir Archy." She was imported (by the late Col. TAYLOE) almost contemporaneously with Diomed (by the late Col. HOOMES)—the two illustrious progenitors of our American, Sir Peter.

Noli-me-tangere, Job's great grandam, out of Castianira, was bred also by the late Col. Tayloe, and got by his famous race horse Topgallant, another renowned son of Diomed, that, among other exploits, beat the famous race mares Amanda (Duroc's dam), and Lavinia, winner of the great Stirling Stakes—(see Portsmouth's pedigree). *Noli-me-tangere* was also a first rate race nag. At three years old she beat Dr. Brown's Wonder, six or seven years old, then very distinguished. Subsequently, when owned by Dr. T., she ran a memorable race of four heats, (that she ought to have won had she been judiciously managed), in which she was beat by Mr. Loughborough's Columbia, a renowned daughter of Oscar. Dr. Brown's fleet Gentle Kitty, by Archibald, having severely contested the first and second heats, fell dead during the race, having broke her heart. A Jersey mare, of some fame, was in the race. Run Oct. 1813 or 14.

Topgallant partook very much of the same blood as the invincible Florizel, both sons of Diomed, their dams by Shark, and grandams by Harris's Eclipse, son of Fearnought. Dr. T—— purchased of Col. T., both sire and daughter. The latter, in due season, was sent to the harem of her more than half-brother, Sir Archy. On her return from that visit, the Dr.'s farm being somewhat deficient in pasturage, he persuaded a sporting confederate, who likewise had no small passion for "blood," to take the mare to his neighboring farm, with the understanding that, for her keep and the rearing of her foal, the latter should become their joint property. On producing a filly (Job's grandam) the Dr.'s love for *the* blood became so strong as, in the end, to prove wholly irresistible. He claimed the pre-emption right. His partner, equally attached to an undoubted Sir Archy, of the purest lineage, was not to be tempted by money. Time rolled on, and all efforts at negotiation proved ineffectual. To guard against accident, his shrewd partner, with a gimlet, quietly bored a hole into one of the ears of the filly. His mark did not preserve her for him. Between an evening and a morning she disappeared from his pasture. A horse plated for a race seemed to have been used to aid her escape. Such an one was at that time in Dr. T——'s stable. One of his agents was for two days absent from the city, and it was therefore concluded she was secreted about fifty miles distant. About the same time the Dr. applied to a friend to give pasturage to one of his mares on his plantation, in a secluded nook of country, about that distance from Washington. She had been there but a short time when an application was made to him, by the Dr., to have her cropped

by his overseer, as a previous operation was not wholly satisfactory. This gimlet hole was not, perhaps, effaced. This was objected to, and mainly on the ground that his overseer, an odd genius, too, was no adept in such matters. Presto, "the cropped mare," as she has been since termed, disappeared. She was removed by the direction of her owner. Nothing more was heard of her by the writer, until Jemima, Job's dam, appeared at the post, on the race-course at Washington, in a great sweepstakes. She won, beating Busiris and others, as Mr. Hugh Burwell's entry, the produce of the mare in question, by Sir Archy and Dr. T.'s Rattler. Jemima ran afterwards with indifferent success, and in the splendid race won by Tychicus, on the Central Course, beating Lara, Celeste, Lady Relief, and others, besides herself, she is not remembered to have been nearer than fourth or fifth, in either of the three heats.

Rattler, as a son of Sir Archy, was perhaps too nearly allied to "the cropped mare" to get from her a first rate racer. But her blood has told in the next generation, in the cross that so admirably unites, Eclipse upon Rattler. This is but one of many incidents to show the value of blood, as inherited by Job, and appreciated by Dr. T—— and his sagacious partner. Their estimation of such genuine Sir Archy blood seems not to have been too high. None combine so much of it, from the very fountains, maternal and paternal, as the famous Job. Eclipse, his sire, is grandson of Diomed, the great grandsire to Jemima, both by Rattler, and "the cropped mare." Perhaps no horse in the country has as much of the Diomed and Sir Archy blood as Job. He is the very horse to go to England, as having the best crosses of our American Stock, besides being a first rate race-horse himself, to cross upon the Velocipedes, Whalebones, Sultans, Emiliuses, Filho-da-Putas, Tramps, Cattons, &c. &c. Job's dam has two crosses of our famed Sir Archy, besides being descended from his dam.

Having adverted to the preceding anecdote of the late lamented Dr. T——, as connected with Job's origin, some tribute is due by the writer to the memory of this eccentric and philanthropic man. "*De mortuis n' l nisi bonum.*" If in his love of horses as well as of man a casuist may not exactly square with his ethics, allowance must be made, on account of his ardour, for his imperfect sense of right, and for his oblique manner of doing himself justice, under the belief, perhaps, of the impossibility of his coming by his own in any other way. The Dr. was the keenest of turfites—he loved the sport for itself, not for gain. He never bet, nor engaged in sweepstakes or matches, and yet no sum that he could compass prevented his purchase of "the pure blood." He went entirely for it. No personal fatigue or deprivation presented an obstacle to the gratification of his dominant passion. Yet he was illy provided for its indulgence. His horses, at times, were nearly starved for the want of provender. The want of such timely provision must have lost him many of his races. He was often woefully beaten. His horses involved him in law suits.

"His horses *unfed* lost him his races—
His lawyers *unfee-d* lost him his cases."

He was, however, most ably defended in the Rattler case, by the

able Jurist, Walter Jones, Esq., whose eloquent speech and brilliant sallies on that occasion is well remembered. Besides owning such fine horses as Rattler, &c., the Dr. contributed to our breed of horses by importing Clifden, ancestor to the famed Lady Clifden, Mingo, Argyle and Prince George. Dr. T. was also zealous in the pursuit of science and the fine arts—remarkable for his taste and the purity of his designs—a poet, a painter, and an architect. He was also devoted to ancient and modern literature. He aspired not only to be our Cadmus, and to furnish us a national language, but to precede Fulton in the application of steam to the purposes of navigation, making some futile experiments upon the Delaware. This involved him in a controversy with the world's benefactor. Whatever the latter performed the other claimed to have discovered. Fulton at last retorted—“But, Dr., I have discovered how to convert saw-dust into plank!” “That has been discovered long ago,” replied the Dr. “But,” added Fulton, “by my plan deal saw-dust can be converted into oak plank.” The Dr. had to confess this was “new,” even to him. Being foiled in pugilism, he complained that his antagonist did not understand “science;”—knocked down by another, a “Mr. Magruder,” an “intruder,” “ruder and ruder,” who, (he had to lament) “did not comprehend wit.” The Dr. was altogether an humorist, but he sometimes shared poor Sancho's fate. He was the cause of wit in others, and was made to administer a strange diet to promote conception.

He was no believer in the dynasty of Napoleon. When his star shone the brightest, he predicted his early downfall. When Joseph was King of Spain, the Dr. imported a Maltese Jackass, and named him “King Joe,” remarking that “King Joe, without *jo-king*, was the greatest ass in America.”

“Take him for all in all we ne'er shall look upon his like again.”

AMICUS.

COLLINEOMANIA.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY J. CYPRESS, JUN.

“TOXOPH. Of the first finders out of shooting, diuers men diuerslye doo wryte. Claudiane the poete sayth that nature gaue example of shotyng first, by the Porpentine: whiche doth shot his prickes and will hitte any thinge that fightes with it: whereby men learned afterwarde to imitate the same in finding out both bow and shafte. Plinie referreth it to Schythes the sonne of Iupiter. Better and more noble wryers bringe shooting from a more noble inuentour; as Plato, Calimachus, and Galene, from Apollo. Yet longe afore those days do we reade in the bible of shotinge expreslye. And also if we shull beleve Nicholas de Lyra, Lamech killed Cain with a shafte. So this great continuance of shoting doth not a litle prai-se shotinge: nor that neither doth not a litle set it oute, that it is referred to the inuention of Apollo. for the which poynt shotinge is highly praised of Galene: where he sayth the mean craftes be first foud out by men or beastes, as meaning by a spider, and suche other: but high and comendable sciences by goddes, as shotinge and musicke by Apollo. And thus shotinge for the necessite of it used in Adam's days, for the noblenesse of it referred to Apollo, hath not been ouelie comended in all tungen and writers, but also had in greate price, both in the best comune wealthes, in warre time for the defence of their countrie, and of all degrees of men in peace tyme, bothe for the honestie that is ioyned with it, and the profyte that followeth of it.”

ROGER ASCHAM.

WE have heretofore reviewed the Brigades of ancient hunters, as they tramped before us magnificently upon the parade ground of his-

tory; from Captain General Nimrod, and stately-riding Queen Diana, down to those savage Loco Focos, Robin Hood and Little John.* Something now is due to the venatical artillery of later days. The hunter tribe is not extinct. Collineomania rages yet. Human nature is still projectilitarian. The same excellent love of destruction that moved the old world to swing the catapult, and scatter javelins and arrows, urges on this modern age of civilization and philanthropy, to throw rockets, hot water, and cold lead.

But our present business is not with human wars, and the Peace Society. Whether the shooting of men be honest and honorable, we leave to the determination of that fighting school of the General Assembly, which shall prove itself to be most meek and most forbearing.

Beasts, and birds, we have an unchallengeable right, and oftentimes, unquestionable duty, to transfix. This birth-obligation of every freeman, was first imposed by that never-to-be-too-much-prized article in the constitution of human nature, which gave to the lords of the creation, dominion over the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea. We have the authority from Heaven, and the recommendation from Earth. "Kill and eat," was hieroglyphicied upon the shooting jacket of Esau. Peter, the Apostle, saw it in his dream, as the tenth chapter of Acts bears testimony. And now we are all shooters. To be a Collineomaniac, is only to fulfil worthily, and with prudent enthusiasm, a duty, which nature hath allowed, good example hath approved, and honesty, skill, art, health, and happiness, recommend.

To descend, from ancient fashions of contrived death, to Joe Manton, Westley Richards, Miss Nancy Hawkins, and percussion caps—is it a fall, my countrymen, or not? That thought suggests gunpowder. Talk of the invention of the printing press, and all its attendant honors of light and knowledge! it has not effected one tithe of the changes in the physical condition of the world, which have been wrought by the discovery of the virtue of combined nitre, sulphur, and granulated charcoal. We fling no more javelins,—we thrust no more spears,—unless it be into a porpoise or a whale, but we kill our lions with four pounders from the back of a well-trained elephant, our buffaloes with Kentucky rifles, and our woodcock with the familiar pills of number Eight. That is a pathetic discourse, which Cervantes reads in Don Quixotte of the death of Chivalrie in the elaborations of Rogers, Pigou and company. But it is not all true. Strength, muscular excellence, personal skill, and all honorable accomplishments have not lost their recommendation utterly. It is true, that the tyrants of the land have been changed from stalworth knights and grim barons, into bank directors, and obtainers of other people's goods under peaceable pretences, for whom it is not necessary to know any thing but arithmetic, and a little criminal law: but the honest hunter's vocation and the amateur's occasional indulgence, require all the virtues which belonged to a lover of the sport in the olden time. A man must sometimes stand up against a grizzly bear, and use his shooting-knife, after he has put a dozen buck-shot into that "interesting individual." We have known a well-antlered deer, who did not believe his time had come, to make good fight in the last

*Vide American Monthly Magazine, for March, 1836.

moment of his translation. Wing-tip a wild gander, and what man-baby can pick him up? Then, for endurance, patience, steadiness of nerve, a good eye, and a well disciplined heart;—no modification of saltpetre can manufacture them. No; we do not believe that true chivalry is gone. It will live so long as there is a running buck or a flying bird. When that time arrives, the millennium will be here, and we shall want to shoot no more.

What good reason have we to doubt that ancient chivalry knew gunpowder, or at least, the expansive force of marine acid, and the oxymuriate of potash, or something else that had the true grit and stuff? Every body has heard of the "*Greek fire*." But what was it? Salmoneus, king of Elis, manufactured such capital thunder and lightning, that Jupiter became jealous, and cut him down with an original thunderbolt. (For the place of his residence in the infernal regions, see Lemprierés's directory.) Roger Bacon, in his treatise, "*de secretis operibus artis et naturae et de nullitate*," speaks of the facility of making thunder and coruscations in the air, and the ease of taking cities thereby. He thinks that Gideon defeated the Midianites, by a similar device. (See Judges, chapter vii.) Polydore Virgil refers the detection of the grace of the subtle mixture to a chemist, who accidentally put some of the sublime composition into a mortar, and covering it with a stone, was thereby blown into the upper air, and on his dying descent, bequeathed the mysterious cause of his exaltation to his head apprentice. Some attribute the discovery to a monk of Friborough. Others say that Swartz was the original patentee, and that he sold his copy-right to the Venetians in 1340, which, (it being war-time) made all Italy cry out against the monstrous innovation as not fair-play. Another author says it was used by the Moors in 1343, when besieged by Alphonso, king of Castile. The bishop of Leon gives an account of a sea-fight between the kings of Tunis and Seville, in which those of Tunis, "threw out of certain tubes, thunderbolts of iron." We believe, earnestly, that the genuine old sporting men knew the virtue of powder and shot, but kept it private. Witness the cunning, lurking alternative of "*other pastimes of the field*" slyly hinted at, for those who knew, in the "*Basilikon Doron*," of the learned king James. Here are his own words:

"It ever hath been of old antiquitie used in this realme of most noble fame, for all lustye gentlemen to passe the delectable season of summer, after divers manner, and sundry fashions of disports, as in hunting the rede and fallowe deer, with houndes, greyhoundes, and with the bowe, also in hawking with hawkes, and other pastimes of the field."

Those were times, however, when only monopolists shot. Westley Richards could not have sold a gun to a man. His trade would have been confined to paper-title-gentlemen; and he would have been compelled to contract "by His Majesty's authority." Those were times, when our fathers,—pure-born—freely hating—proud—submitted to slavery, because not shut out from hope; looking to the New America as the Canaan of their liberty, where they might dare to keep their own fire-arms, and shoot without fear of encroachment upon the special monopolies of the Norman Game Law.* Thank God! we

* "However, upon the Norman conquest, a new doctrine took place, and the right of pursuing and taking all beasts of chase, or venary, and such other animals as were accounted game, was then held to belong to the king, or to such only as were authorized under him."—*Blackstone*.

have equal rights, in matters of venation, here. No puny-faced spawn of a title, King or Queen, Duke or Squire, shall tread down our grain, or riot in our meadows, by virtue of a ribbon. We are all noblemen in Columbia, and he is the King who is most eloquent to a bevy of quail getting up,—talking with both barrels in quick succession. Our game laws go for the protection of game, not for the benefit of corporations, individual or collective. Every farmer is master, owner and Sovereign of his own ground. No idle jackass, that is privileged by law to wear a herald's device, at a Queen's coronation, can send his game-keeper into our quiet woodland, to kill birds for him, while he lies by, and luxuriates, and prepares his oath as to the contents of his game-bag. Alas! for the slavery of the Welsh and Cornish:—shall we say, for every county in Old England,—from which the people have not had knowledge or power to come out *Puritan*;—but whose language is a scoff, and whose daughters are a tribute to the protection of Lord Melbourne!

We are off the road. Pull to the right.

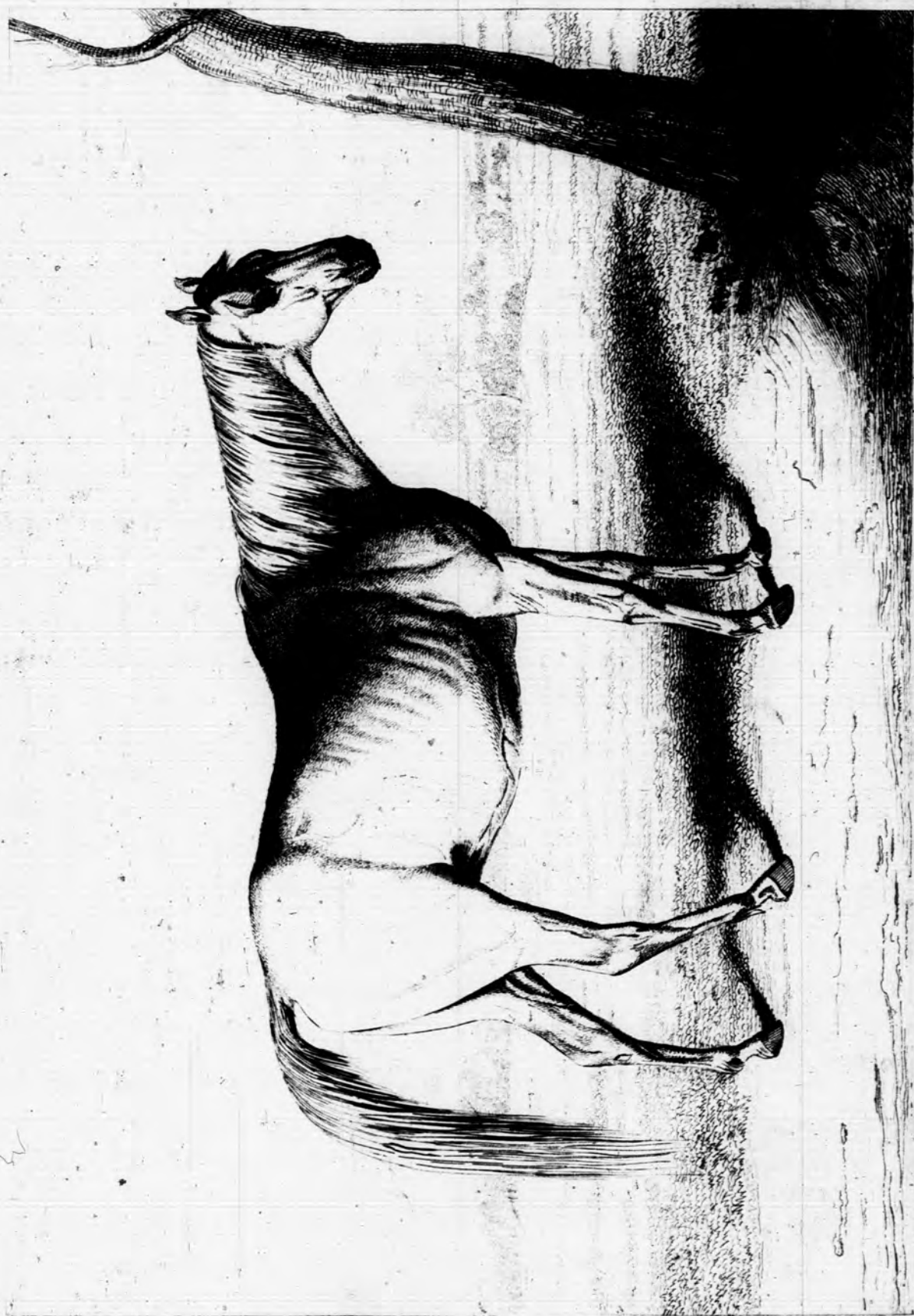
Ten thousand blessings upon our republican institutions. The question is not, "At whose preserve shall we stand envious wishers?" but, "Boys, where shall we go?" Shall Nova Cesarea, or Mattowacs, ring with funeral volleys, over our ruffed grouse; or shall we sacrifice Guilford quail upon the dangerously won graves of Goffe and Whalley, prayed against in the British Episcopal prayer-book, as murderers of Charles the first,—sweet saint!

Non sum qualis eram, we can all, nevertheless, say, in a plural sense. The shooting is not as it has been. We must fulfil our true duties of observance of the game-laws, enacted for the benefit of all, or else be content, by and by, with the pulling at tossed pennies, or turkeystied up. Who would not have rejoiced to have shot and died two hundred years ago, if he could have been on the stand of John Megapolensis, junior, minister, who testifies after this wise, in a letter copied into Hackley's State papers, translated from the original and beautiful Dutch?

"In the forests, is great plenty of Deer, which in Harvest time are as fat as any Holland deer can be. I have had them with fat more than two inches thick on the ribs, and likewise that they had no other than clear fat, and could hardly be eaten. There are also many turkies, as large as in Holland. The year before I came here, there were so many turkies and deer that they came to the houses and hog-pens to feed, and were taken by the Indians with so little trouble, that a Deer was sold for a knife, a loaf of bread, or even for a tobacco-pipe, but now we commonly give for a Deer six or seven guilders. In the Forests, are also, Partridges, Pheasants, and Pidgeons, that fly in flocks of thousands, and sometimes 10, 20, 30 and even 40 or 50. are killed at one shot: we have here, too, a great number of several kinds of Fowl, Swan, Geese, Ducks, Widgeons, Teal, and Brant, which are taken by thousands upon the river, in the spring of the year, and, again, in the fall, fly away in flocks, so that in the morning and evening, a man may stand ready with his gun before the house, and shoot them as they fly past."

That thought is almost too much to think. Sweet is thy memory, dear Mr. Megapolensis! If it was given to you to paint Heaven half so well as you adorned Earth, there could not have been an unconverted sinner in the whole valley of the Mohawk!

We have killed wild geese in our time: and we know what it is to bring down a glorious gaggle of honkers to our stool. We have seen their sinewy wedge splitting the wind, as they rushed to their illimi-



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table and unknown domains at the North, matched, married, and fierce for the indulgence of safe love, where no poaching egg-hunter knows to tread; yet half lingering, wondering, doubting, pitying, willing to wait for the wooden devices, which we have anchored in the shallow feeding-grounds, as a picture-gallery of their uncles, cousins, and sweet-hearts.

Hawnk! Hawnk! we have roared out, and tore our gasping throat, and low in our skulking boat, or close in our floating battery, have we fallen, when the music of the flying march of the anseric host thrilled upon our ear. Hawnk! Hawnk! They come, they tear the yielding air, with pennon fierce and strong; on clouds they leap, from deep to deep, the vaulted air along—tear—air—strong—along—break forth my soul into a song!—

They come, they tear the yielding air, with pennon fierce and strong,
On clouds they leap, from deep to deep, the vaulted dome along;
Heaven's light horse, in a column of attack upon the pole;
Was ever seen on ocean green, or under the blue sky,
Such disciplined battalia as the cohort in your eye;—
Around her ancient axis, let old Terra proudly roll,
But the rushing flight that's in your sight, is what will wake your soul.

Hawnk! Honk! and forward to the Nor'ward, is the trumpet tone,
What goose can lag, or feather flag, or break the goodly cone,
Hawnk! onwards to the cool blue lakes, where lie our safe love bowers,
No stop, no drop of ocean brine, near stool, nor blue light tory,
Our travelling watchword is "*our mates, our goslings, and our glory!*"
Symsonia and Labrador for us are crowned with flowers,
And not a breast on wave shall rest, until that Heaven is ours.
Hawnk! Hawnk! E—e hawnk!

JANETTE,

ETCHED ON STEEL BY DICK, FROM A PAINTING BY TROYE.

We purposed to have accompanied the portrait of this fine mare with a Memoir, but have been compelled to omit it in the present number of the "Turf Register" in consequence of the illness of Mr. Henry Elliott, of Baltimore, who had volunteered to supply several interesting facts relative to her early history. We are assured by Mr. E.'s accomplished lady, Madame Celeste, that he had commenced a letter to us when overtaken by illness. Mr. E. owned and ran Janette in 1826-7, when he sold her to her present owner, John C. Stevens, Esq., of this city.

Janette, the subject of our engraving, is celebrated as the sister to Sir Charles and the dam of Fordham, as well as by her own performances on the Turf, which were numerous and of a high character. From the fact that there were four or five Janette's on the Turf contemporary with her, and that during that period no sporting publication existed in the United States, it is rendered a task of no ordinary difficulty to compile an *accurate* Memoir,—and we have preferred to delay the one in question to render it more complete, and to avoid errors of either omission or commission.

LUZBOROUGH AND HIS GET.

MR. EDITOR: I discover in the Alphabetical List of Winning Horses in 1838, in the Turf Register, under the head of LUZBOROUGH (imported,) one race only is given to Chevalier and none to Leila. It is probable omissions of the same kind have occurred in other cases. Now, I beg you to understand, that I do not mean to hint any blame whatever as justly chargeable against either the late or the present editor of the Register. The omission is mainly attributable to the negligence of the *proper persons* who should publish, but fail to do so, an accurate and authentic account of the races run over their courses. Hence it happens, that the secretary fails to forward to you an account of the races, and you have not the proper materials to give a perfect list of winning horses.

Leila, Mr. G. C. Hurt's, won \$250, three mile heats at Dresden, Tennessee, last fall.

Chevalier, Mr. Hurt's, won \$100, mile heats, at Dresden Tennessee; \$300, three mile heats, at Jackson, Tenn. [this race is given in the Turf Register:] \$200, two mile heats, at Sommerville, Tennessee; \$400, four mile heats, at La Grange, Tennessee; \$350, at Memphis, Tennessee, three mile heats; and \$500, mile heats, at — Mississippi.

All these races were run last fall, so that Chevalier was a winner last year, six times instead of once, as reported, and won at all distances, to wit: twice, mile heats; once, 2 mile heats; twice, 3 mile heats; and once, 4 mile heats.

As I noticed the omissions mentioned above, I have supplied them, though I have not given all the particulars, nor is it in my power to give them. The main facts, however, it is important to record in exhibiting a list of winners in this country. It is due not only to Luzborough, but his get also, particularly that superior colt, Chevalier, whose career has been very brilliant, and who is unquestionably one of the very best sons of Luzborough, whether we regard his blood, form, or performances. In symmetry of shape, in pedigree, in action, Chevalier has few equals and no superior.

Now, whether it be proper "to stay the exultation of the Luzborough party," as has been earnestly urged by a correspondent of the Turf Register, would depend very much on the measure and extent of their exultation. I do not mean to go into an examination of the match of Portsmouth and Boston, in this place. That the friends of Boston have no just cause of dissatisfaction, is evident from the fact that he was trained and managed by Col. William R. Johnson. Portsmouth met Boston, and beat him fairly, and so far as superior training and management would go, they certainly were not on the side of Portsmouth. If, however, the Luzborough party did exult at the triumph of the adventurous colt, their exultation has been tempered with great prudence and discretion, for I have heard little of it.

Luzborough made two full seasons in Virginia, but no fuller, perhaps, than Sir Charles or Eclipse, and in respect to good tried mares—good runners—or the dams of good runners—mares bred by racers and sportsmen—I have no doubt several horses in Virginia had the advantage of Luzborough. In another respect he was unfortunate. His get have not been trained, managed and brought for-

ward under the best auspices. Leviathan and Tonson have been peculiarly fortunate in the *quality of their mares* and the management of *THEIR get on the Turf*. And yet it is saying nothing for Luzborough but what is fully warranted by facts, when we assert that in each of those years, Luzborough got the best colts east of the mountains, if not in the United States, to wit: Picton and Portsmouth.

June 11, 1839.

J.

THE SPORTING LOOKER-ON AND REFLECTOR.

THIS month—July—has had its whims and oddities,—quite as original and amusing as any thing springing out of the inventive brain of Mr. Hood. I have kept my eyes upon the passing events, and truly they are worth *distilling* into my journal.

HER MAJESTY may exclaim in these days of party malignity, folly, and the ardour for scandal and lying, in the words of HENRY THE FIFTH;—

“Upon the Queen! Let our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
Our sins, lay on the Queen;—she must bear all.
O, hard condition! Twin born with greatness,
Subjected to the breath of every fool,
Whose sense no more can feel than his own wringing.”

Loyalty has funny ways of shewing itself,—as will be seen by an amusing raffle in honor of the Queen, for a grunter!—a ball to follow, at which of course the beauties of Old Street and “that country” stirred their *pettitoes* to some tune.

“On Tuesday a man was taken to the Station-house for drunkenness, when on being searched the following extraordinary printed card was found in his possession; “A raffle and ball will take place at Mr. Morgan’s, the Sun Dial, Goswell-street, for a live pig, on Thursday evening, June 20, 1839, in commemoration of *Her Majesty’s accession to the throne*. Tickets *eight-pence* each, and *two-pence* allowed for refreshment. The ball will commence at eight o’clock,” &c.

Spurious loyalty does not rest with the pig;—the yeomanry of West Pennard, Dorsetshire, are about to present Her Majesty a cheese of *ten hundred pounds weight*, in testimony of their patriotic feeling, &c. I suppose the favoured ministers at dinner, will attend to the *cheese-parings*.

The following is one of the *well-dressed lies* (not flies) of the day; It will find its myriad of believers.

“LITTLE BELL, THE JOCKEY.—As Mr. Forth was one day walking down Oxford-street, he perceived a child riding and managing with great dexterity, a very frisky horse. Forth being in want of a lad in his training stables, made an offer to the boy, *which he most eagerly accepted*. The boy rode at Ascot, and made his running so well, and with such judgment, that he won his race. Lord Errol afterwards *presented the little fellow* to her Majesty, who very kindly addressed him, “*Well, my boy, what do you weigh?*” Upon which the little boy Bell, in a *most unsophisticated but knowing way*, answered, “Please, Ma’am, master said I wasn’t to tell!”

Dear little *unsophisticated knowing* child! As if Forth would engage a lad on a frisky horse out of the streets!—as if it could be possible Her Majesty would ask about the urchin’s weight!—and, as if “my little boy Bell” would have the audacity to say to the Queen, “Please *ma’am*, master said I wasn’t to tell!” it being well known

that the Shylock weight of flesh, is ascertained by scale before and after starting.

Bell is indeed so light, that he has been *blown* away since Ascot, as appears by the following advertisement in Bell's Life:—

"NOTICE.—Henry Bell, of the age of 13 years, or thereabouts, who rode the feather weight at Ascot for Mr. Forth, and who is apprenticed to Mr. Forth, left his service clandestinely on the morning of the 10th June. Any person harbouring or employing the said Henry Bell, after this notice, will subject himself to an action which will be immediately commenced."

The Bloomsbury affair, as connected with the late Derby, has shown that money will make noblemen, as well as mares, to go. Mr. Fulwar Craven, backed it is well known by a certain noble lord and Lord Lichfield, have come "the *before* and *behind*, Mr. Honeycombe" upon poor Bloomsbury, in a way amazingly to confound the simple owners of the horse. What can simple owners do against *coronet quest* law? Not a word was said against the pedigree of Bloomsbury, until the very moment of his winning the race: then, an error, evidently previously known, is started against him on the ground of a description of pedigree not concurrent with the one in that humbug work, Mr. Weatherby's Stud-Book. How long will the farce of this ill-conducted racing establishment, and of the works from it, be borne? Mr. F. Craven gives notice to Mr. Weatherby not to pay over the stakes—a direction of course complied with: Mr. Ridsdale's party, all on the *qui vive*, scramble up a case, and appeal to the Epsom stewards: the stewards give Mr. Craven "short notice of trial" (*too short he says*), and decide, on an *exparte* statement that Bloomsbury is entitled to the stakes: Mr. Craven attends at Tattersall's on the settling day, and protests against the decision; and of course the number of non-payers exceeded the usual allowance: Mr. Ridsdale, we believe, immediately caused an action to be brought for the recovery of the stakes. This is "the *behind*, Mr. Honeycombe"—part of the case.

At Ascot, Bloomsbury was in two valuable engagements; and here, as he was *pretty certain* to be the winner, the objection to his pedigree was made *before* his starting: thus throwing upon Mr. Ridsdale the *onus* of proving his horse to be entitled to the stake, instead of rendering it incumbent upon the objector to make out a case for his objection. Bloomsbury won both stakes. The stewards, desirous of putting a speedy end to these disastrous turf disputations, named an early though not an unseasonable day, for the hearing, and Mr. Ridsdale came prepared with his witnesses. Lord Lichfield, however addressed a letter to the stewards, stating that he could not compel unwilling witnesses forward to make out his case; that a subpoena and an oath were necessary to get at his object:—and (citing the case of Sir M. Wood v. Atkins) he felt *he*, like Parson Trulliber, ought not to "fight with them" before the stewards—but must "shew himself a good christian, and take the law of them!" Thus a member of the Jockey Club refuses to abide by the laws which he administers; thus, a nobleman of high birth, character, and enterprise is hurried by the indescribable frenzy of the *gambling* of sporting, to rebel against a course which no commoner dare pursue. The ample bosom of the law has now received to it, both of these

objectors,—sporting infants that are, like Polonius, invited to a supper, not “where they *eat* but where they are *eaten*.” They are pressed to a bosom, not where they will find suck, but where they will be sucked. A court in the perfection of legal forms and ignorance will sit in ridiculous solemnity; and twelve rare loggerheads will put their twelve scooped turnips together, and find a verdict out of vacancy.

The case is bad for the turf; wrong on the part of Mr. F. Craven, Lord Lichfield, and their patters on the back; and cruel indeed upon Messrs. Ridsdale, who have rushed instantaneously and open-breasted against the spears of the opposing party. Let a law court be established by these precedents to be the court of appeal against questionable pedigrees, and woe be to those, on some important day, who have dared to “cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of law.”

There should at once be a generous abandonment of an attempt to get a few hundreds, on the part of noblemen, high on the turf, unless they go by *FACTS* and not by *suspicion*, and nothing yet hints to the public, from the objecting parties, at more than *suspicion*.

New Sporting Magazine, for July, 1839.

ALFRED SELBORNE.

COMPARISON OF THE SPEED OF HORSES.

In the haste with which the last double number of the Register (*for May and June*) was hurried to press, we are mortified to find that in an article under the head of “*Comparison of the speed of horses*,” several typographical errors occurred. The editor was temporarily absent when the proof was read, and the article was printed without his revision. Care will be taken to avoid the necessity for any apology of this kind hereafter; but the editor cannot suffer the occasion to pass without intimating to correspondents the importance of their writing out their manuscript clearly, especially those in which dates and figures occur. The extra postage that might be charged on their communications is not worth thinking of in comparison with the risk encountered of perpetrating errors. Many have a habit of contracting words to such a degree that coupled with an indistinct hand-writing, it is next to impossible to arrive at the writer's meaning.

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more clear) and should read thus: "The same autumn I saw John Richards beat his sister, Betsey Richards, on the Newmarket course, running his second heat in precisely Henry's time, (his second heat,) 7:58; the first heat was somewhat slower; but the last two miles of it, had been run in 3:48, the *precise* time of Portsmouth's last two miles, his second and best heat, in his match, two mile heats with Boston, on the same course and at the same weight. At a jockey club race, at Fredericksburg, in 1802, I observed that "twelve started." The frequency of races at short intervals, may prevent our seeing such assemblages now-a-days except in sweepstakes, and that rarely. In page 347, seven lines from the top, instead of "a two mile heat of four miles," read "a *second* heat of four miles." There is a still more obvious typographical mistake, a few lines further on;—the date of Mingo and Post Boy's race, of three mile heats, was certainly *not* June, 1839. [It was run on the 7th May, 1835.]

In the preceding article, page 344, instead of "a chance," read "a Chance;" meaning to refer to a mare got by the celebrated imported horse, Chance.

Both articles question the length of the Kendall course. It seems due to himself, and to the fame of Argyle, Wonder, Reliance, Balie Peyton, Vashti, Master Henry and others, that its proprietor should furnish your work, for publication, a certified copy of the certificate by the county Surveyor, after he shall have accurately measured the track. The proprietor of the Louisville course may see the propriety of his doing the same, to set at rest the question as to the speed of certain Kentucky nags. Otherwise many will continue to doubt these extraordinary performances.

A note to page 345, indicates the precocity of several of the Sir Archy stock.

To the list of famed winners of four mile heats, at three years old, Janette, (V. L.) Isabella, Bertrand, Betsey Ransom, Kate Kearney, Trifle, &c., should be added, Mary Randolph, Fanny Wyatt and Count Zaldivar. No other three year old of *any* other stock, is remembered to have won four mile heats of late years, with the exception of Argyle. But have not most of the stock, that traces to Diomed, trained off early? This has been denied; but my opinion remains unshaken. Diomed, the best three-year-old of his year, in England, performed admirably well at three and four years old; but indifferently afterwards. Sir Archy, Florizel and Timoleon, probably the best of his descendants, were withdrawn from the Turf, when four years old. It may be added, all the Diomed and Sir Archy stock, with the single exception of American Eclipse, whose durability may be traced to Mambrino, (and that he ran but a single race, until five years old, and but rarely afterwards,) performed best at three and four years old. Lady Lightfoot and Sally Eubanks are the only winners descended from Sir Archy, that are recollected to have preserved their fame, when aged. Contention, Sir Charles and his daughter Trifle, and several of Industry's get performed well at six, and Andrew at five; Wagner, another son of Charles, is performing well at the same age. Bertrand left the turf at five, uninjured. For his durability he may have been also indebted to his Mambrino cross. The same may be said of Mingo, but he

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broke down at six. These are but few exceptions from the long catalogue of renowned winners from the Archy stock. If there be an error in these deductions, the writer who questioned the accuracy of a former opinion on this head, may be able to adduce proofs to sustain his position. Henry and John Richards never won nor made good races one year after they were four years old. Post Boy, Decatur, and the best of Henry's stock, that had previously acquired celebrity, greatly fell off the autumn after they were five.

SENEX.

RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND.

A Hit at the Times!

ENGRAVED ON STEEL BY DICK, FROM A SKETCH BY LANDSEER, R.A.

No artist of the present day wields a pencil at all comparable with Landseer's, in the spirit and fidelity of his animal pictures. His sketches of dogs, especially, are so strikingly life-like, that wherever you meet with them, you at once know them to be the production of his masterly pencil, just as you recognize an old acquaintance upon meeting with a favorite pointer or setter after a long absence.

We were prompted to select the peculiarly felicitous specimen of Landseer's comic humor, embodied in the sketch given in the present number of the Register, by several circumstances, the most material of which was the fact, that in an article which will be found subjoined, the writer undertakes to prove the *Antiquity of Ass-Racing over Horse-Racing!* It is not enough to say that Tom Hood is the writer of the ingenious essay, for it is not only the most original and witty thing he ever penned, but it surpasses any extravaganza we ever read. It is a miracle of ingenuity, wit and humor, and our subscribers must unbutton their jackets when they sit down to read it. Such an article is worthy of an illustration on steel, and the writer of a monument of brass.

Our artist, Mr. Dick, has made a most spirited and capital engraving of Landseer's sketch. Refer back to it and see what a Gil. Patrick rush the rider of the "cider nag" is making. The way he carries his extra weight, too, is a caution to seven Crocketts! He takes "a clove hitch" with his own tail around that of the cocktail, and having strapped a strapping portmanteau underneath, who can say he is not prepared to go a distance and hold on? But the *Donkey-stir crack* is our favorite. "There's no danger of his rider's breaking a stirrup, or of the saddle slipping on his withers! His rider has taken a strong bracing pull and no mistake—on his tail! The circumstance of there being two upon one seems clearly enough to say "Heads I win—tails you lose!" It is not likely to be "all Dicky" with Jack, for he looks too lazy to bolt, and too slow to tire himself. The use of the crupper upon a race horse has long since been abandoned without finding a substitute. Two new patterns are here offered, that are warranted not to chafe, though they might be galling to the feel-

ings of modern jockies. Like *Boston*, the favorite here appears to be ridden without spurs, and you see it is two to one *on* the "old White-nose." Rather *Long* odds, it may seem to those who hav'n't the gumption to see that he has not yet made a run! The go along appears to be pretty much out of the cocktail already, for you can see as clear as mud that his jockey's whip-hand is at work! But look at the other crack! See how he picks up his feet and how he gathers after every stroke! Is it not apparent that he has not yet straightened himself? Look how his rider sits well back, instead of throwing his weight on the fore-legs of his nag. Already he points his finger in derision at the cocktail, and you may almost hear him bluffing off his jockey by saying "I'll go you *two* better!"

Badinage apart, our engraving is a sly but well conceived and pertinent caricature that will be well understood by those proprietors of race courses who are in the habit of resorting to "Mule-races," and "Foot-races" and "Gander-pullings" and "Cock-fights" to swell the receipts of enclosures devoted to the legitimate SPORTS OF THE TURF. Wherever the Sports of the Turf have been brought into discredit, it will be found, nine cases in ten, that the mis-management of the proprietors of the course has been the primary cause; the real friends of the Turf have more to fear from them than from open and declared enemies. Whoever heard of racing being unpopular in a section of country where the courses were managed by men of character and respectability—on the ground of any objection against racing itself? The Charleston races are the most popular, the most fashionable and the best attended of any in the United States. Race week, in that city, has been aptly termed "the carnival" of South Carolina—the annual jubilee of the State. The reason is perfectly obvious; the course and its appointments are under the control of gentlemen of the highest character, and nothing is permitted to interfere with the legitimate Sports of the Turf, which are managed with a degree of spirit, liberality and scrupulous propriety unknown elsewhere on this side of the Atlantic. In Charleston a gentleman feels no more hesitation in enjoying *with his family* the festivities and enlivening sports of the race-field, than he would the attractions of the Theatre or any other rational source of amusement. The consequence is that the ladies' pavillion during the meeting and the Jocky Club Ball at its close are crowded with the *elite* of the beauty, the fashion, and the chivalry of the State.

The number of gentlemen interested in the success of the Turf in this country, has more than doubled within the last ten years, and it is daily becoming more and more popular. The great practical advantages to be derived from its extension and successful prosecution are deemed so important in a national point of view, that many of the Governments of Europe are lending it their aid, and keenly watching over its interests. We have nothing here to do but to go on and prosper, keeping in view this single fact, that if the legitimate ends of the Turf are staunchly maintained, it must become at length universally and eminently popular with all classes of society, while its friends will best subserve its true interests and their own, by frowning down those individuals whose mal-practices have so long been "RUNNING THE THING INTO THE GROUND!"

THE ASS RACE.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

"Thou didst run Jack."—PRINCE HAL.

It is not without serious misgivings that I propose to throw on the annals of sporting a new light, which will dazzle very offensively in the eyes of those who have a regard for the Turf. The ghost of O'Kelly seems prophetically to cast a shadow across the paper, whilst Fancy forestalls the indignant frowns of the noble Richmonds, Graf-ton, Exeters, and Fitzwilliams, who have honored the high mettled racer with their patronage. Sam Chifney makes a rush at me, and Boyce prepares to punish me. I consider myself lashed by all the six different whips with which ***** won the same identical Derby! The very horse lifts his foot for my behoof; and I feel, by anticipation, the cholic that must ensue from a cold plate applied to the pit of the stomach. Moral courage, however, will not be denied; and accordingly, in spite of O'Kelly, and the Jockey Club of Sam Day and the Derby Day—of all whips and all spurs to boot—in spite of the spite of iron shoes, and at the risk of being put under the turf by those upon it, I must declare to win with the following opinion: viz., that whatever may be the antiquity of horse-racing, ass-ditto came in before it by many lengths.

There!—I'm off!—and methinks I hear all the clamor that such an assertion must necessarily excite. The uproar about the Grand Stand, when all are a-betting in the noise, is a whisper to it! The mob hoot, as when a stray dog has profaned the space between the cords. The betting-ring closes round me, like a circle of Mohawks, with a prisoner at the stake. The judge wishes he was a criminal judge, for my sake; and the clerk of the course tenders the use of one of the ropes, with a promise to see me "well up at the end." Every horse becomes a roarer with indignation; the grooms threaten to exercise me; and the stable-boys, one and all, commend me to a severe heat in a place I will not mention to ears polite. Even the pick-pocket bellows "Duck him!" and the thimble-rigger cries "Shame!" It cannot be helped! There is no reason to believe that the notion just started is a false start; and nothing, therefore, is left for me, but to get away from the rush, and make play as well as I may.

Ass-racing, then, is, according to all appearance, the old original sport. At what particular date it originated is involved in obscurity; but there is good ground for placing it, as the donkey-rider seats himself, very far back. Taking it for granted that riding preceded racing, the animal first broken in to the saddle was unquestionably the ass. I cannot help feeling that such a bit of news must be as "a bit of raw" to the gentleman who, as the illustrator of the turf, the chace, and the road, has acquired such a triple celebrity under the name of Nimrod; it must be *Shagreen* indeed to him, to be told that his great namesake, the first mighty hunter on record, rode to cover—if he did not use Shank's naggie—on a clever Jack instead of a clever hack; and threw his leathers—if he wore leathers—across an animal called (out of delicacy I will use asterisks) an ***. Such, however,

was the case. In the ancient Egyptian sculptures, we find no trace of a mounted cavalier, though ass-men and mule-men both occur; from which we may fairly infer, that the use of the horse for riding was unknown. The employment of the ass for the same purpose, at a very remote period, is, on the contrary, certified by the evidence of Scripture. It is expressly stated that Abraham "saddled his ass," preparatory to his journey with Isaac to the mount of sacrifice; whereas, the "horse and his rider" make their first appearance among the host of Pharaoh, at the passage of the Red Sea. It is also remarkable that the ass is mentioned in the Tenth Commandment, as a property likely to be coveted, whilst the horse is passed over in silence; and again, it is twice named, with the same omission of the nobler animal, in the enumeration of the possessions of Abraham. "He had sheep," we are told, "and oxen, and he-asses, and men servants, and maid servants, and she-asses, and camels." It may safely be assumed, then, that in the patriarchal times, the animal in question had the call of the horse, though he now has nothing but a bray.

The primitive ass was, however, a very superior creature to the degraded, degenerated brute, the Jack-of-all-trades we now see on commons, about the streets, or, as the Scotch would call it, ganging his lane; that is to say, in a lane with a gang of gypsies. He has lost caste: he is a *pariah*—a despised forlorn drudge, without rest to the sole of his foot; a proverb, and a byeword, with "suffering for the badge of all his tribe,"—in short, the Jew amongst quadrupeds. Yet formerly he was High and Jack, as he is now Low and Jack, in the game of All-fours. We must not take our notion of him from such shaggy Ursa-Minors as Moreland delighted to paint; or the like of those which Gainsborough has depicted in the plate annexed to this article. No, nor even from Number forty-seven, "the beautiful Zebra" which had the honor of carrying Mrs. Trolloppe at Ems. The ancient ass was a noble animal, second only to the horse; a nob so to speak, and not a snob. Instead of toiling under sacks of scouring-sand, he scoured the desert himself, free and wild as those early Sandemanians the Arabians; and quaffed at will at its watering-places, without the dread of a back-fair of fat and forty oppressing his lumbar processes. When he did lend a back, it was to princes and rulers of the people. "Speak," exclaims Deborah, "speak, ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." Kings even disdained not to bestride him,—he was F.R.S. as well as A.S.S. in his own right. As for his going, instead of no pace at all, or only one picked up on *Crawley*-common, he was swift of foot, as Job witnesses; so much so, according to some authorities, as only to be overtaken by successive relays. And now, let me ask, was such a flier likely to "waste his *fleetness* on the desert air?"

The probability is, rather, that his running capabilities were very early called into play. From riding to racing is but a stride; and the antiquity of some kind of trial of speed is beyond a doubt. The race is alluded to in the sacred writings, as not belonging to the swift; and supposing the expression to refer only to foot races, although it is by no means clear that such is the case, nothing could be more natural than for men who had personally competed in speed, to indulge the same spirit of emulation by proxy. They would instinctively be

led from backing themselves, to pit their respective animals against each other; indeed, so innate is this propensity, that the locomotive powers of birds, as well as beasts, and even of vermin, have been employed for its gratification. Races of ostriches and camels are recorded by eastern travellers; and if my classical reminiscences be correct, there have been swimming matches between tame fish. Coursing is, as the name implies, only a race by dogs; and the air has been made a race-course, as well as a course of post, for carrier-pigeons. In default of such, or better competitors, sporting men have been known to back a wood-louse, or stand upon a maggot; and the Russians have (or had) a betting-ring of their own, in the shape of a circle, on a board, whereon certain nameless insects are started from the centre to race to the circumference. The propensity has even been attributed, in terms, to things inanimate: thus we hear of a mill-race, a particular rapid in the channel is called the Race of Portland, and a certain point of land is named the Start. A spirit of such *raciness* in man would be sure to be soon employed to give a relish to his pastimes; he would take, as naturally as a sky-lark, to standing on his bit of turf; and if we grant the institution of the sport in the patriarchal ages, the entries in the world's first *Leger* were undoubtedly of donkeys. Mounted on a favorite blood ass, of unrivalled bottom, without blemish or stain, and fleet as the winds, what more natural than for the exulting rider to chant loudly the praises of the desert-born that bounded under him? and what more likely than that some young frolicsome companion, a rival, perhaps, in other matters, returned him boast for boast, citing the pedigree and performance of his own thorough-bred? On such occasions a challenge to run is inevitable; and no doubt many such matches were made, and came off; whilst, currency being scarce in those days, bets were offered and taken in Jerusalem *ponies*.

Calculating, then, all the chances of the argument, it is the Allied Sovereigns to a parish pound, that to an ancient sportsman a race with an ass was as common as a run with a Jack to a modern troller. Like all other popular amusements, however, it appears to have undergone its vicissitudes. It was superseded by horse-racing in Rome and Greece, where the Olympic games were instituted for four-year-olds, while donkey-racing was abandoned to the lower orders. That paltry coin—the Assarium, so called, probably from being the money most current on the ass-course—sufficiently indicates the class of its frequenters; for the celebrated ass of Apurleius, surnamed the Golden, might be called so rather in reference to the tawny color of its skin, than to the value of the stakes, or the metal of the cups it had carried off. But this chapter in the annals of ancient sporting is particularly meagre. All we know with certainty is from Euclid, that there was a Pons Asinorum, or Ass-bridge, for every donkey to get over at the beginning of the course.

On coming nearer to our own times, and pursuing the enquiry on English ground, every doubt begins to clear up. And here it is that I have most reason to apprehend the resentment of all persons who pride themselves on owning, breeding, training, running, trotting, walking, sitting, or standing, or throwing somersets on, horses. I am well aware of their prejudices, and how rudely they must be shocked

by the mere mention of a donkey as a racer; while to aggravate the affront, they will conjure up on one hand the figure and action of a Mameluke or a Priam, and on the other the shape and going of as abject a neddy as ever staggered under a brace of costermongers. They will contrast the pace of The Colonel or Fleur-de-Lis, with the crawl of the "hanimal wot carries wedgeables;" and think of the glorious hoof of Eclipse, set in precious metal, along with the inglorious one never set in anything unless a plug. They will fancy the proud snort and laughing neigh of the wide nosiril'd blood-horse, and then the snub-nose of the ass droning to what Wordsworth calls "the dry see-saw of his horrible bray." They will do all this—they *do* do all this—and the tumult revives! The Grand Stand won't stand it. The noble jockies aim their club at me! Tattersall prepares to knock me down, and Gulley doubles his invincible fist, and swears that I shall wear his colors. The ladies, even, who have lost or won gloves on a favorite, forget their gentle natures, and suggest horse-whips! Herring turns a red-herring with rage, and Cooper grasps his maul-stick! Not a farmer who has ridden his cocktail for a Hunter's or Yeomanry Stakes,—not a boy who has been jockey at a poney race, but longs to ride over me and back. I am, in fancy, cobbled, Suffolk-punched, hacked, colted, and nagged*at,—horsed and flogged—rubbed up and rubbed down—Burked and Bishoped. I am posted, railed at, and roped! It is enough to make moral courage itself a levanter. But Truth must not be frightened from her propriety. If we allow any weight to etymology (and surely so mature a science ought to carry more than a feather), we must give in to the irresistible conviction that two of our principal race-grounds were originally devoted to Asinine contests. Nor is there occasion for any such torturing procrustean process as that by which some of our antiquarians have docked, or let out syllables, or topsy-turvey'd them altogether, to suit a theory of their own. The simple doubling of a consonant in one case (or its restoration, rather, for as people "drop a line" they may easily drop a letter,) and a very moderate allowance for popular verbal corruption in the other, will suffice to lead to the above conclusion. It is only necessary to read *Ass-cot* for *Ascot*, and to restore *Donkey-stir* from *Doncaster*, to obtain at once two names of striking significance as to the original purposes of those celebrated localities. Runnimeade, or, more properly, Runny-mead, is equally open to speculation. It is certainly suggestive of some sort of races, long prior to the Magna Charta Stakes being run for on the spot; and we may reasonably infer that they were contemporary with, and of the same nature, as those of the two great meetings in Berks and Yorkshire. Indeed, there is collateral evidence to support as clear a case, perhaps, as was ever established by etymological deduction. For instance, the mere substitution of one vowel for another, will give us *Jackey* Club in lieu of *Jockey* Club; the word *Assay*, implying a trial of metal, speaks decidedly to the point; and as for the Judge of *Assize*, that functionary, in pronouncing upon human necks at his present post, has clearly bolted out of his course.

Taking for granted, then, that what are now called meetings were formerly Assemblies, there is room, in the absence of circumstantial information, for much curious speculation. The antiquities of Sport-

ing, in truth, present a wide field which has never been thoroughly beaten; and as regards ass-racing, it has evidently never been drawn at all. It would be interesting to learn who were the most distinguished patrons, long long *years* ago, of the Thistle Stakes, or the Bray Stakes, or whatever else they might be christened—what was the extent of their studs—and which were the favorite breeds. A few well-attested pedigrees would be valuable documents; a list of nominations could not but be a treat; but a card of the running asses, with the colors of the riders, would be a prize indeed! The following particulars would also be worth knowing. Imprimis: the maximum price of a crack—how the animal was trimmed—if cropped, nicked, or docked—and what was the fashion of a blood tail. If he shewed at the warren; and, considering his native stubbornness, whether he was brought to the post, or the post was brought to him. In what manner he was started—whether with the Shaksperian “away, away, you are an ass!” or by a simple “Go it, Ned!”—the amount of stakes and the penalty for crossing and jostling. The scale of weights—probably extending to hundred weights, as the animal is known to live to a century—and when he was considered aged. If “Jack and Jill ran up the hill” at Epsom, indiscriminately, or there were separate days for the sexes. In how many minutes they ran the D. M., or Donkey Mile. If the SWEEP-stakes were ridden by climbing-boys, and what was the costume—tops or *Jack*-boots—with whips or cudgels—the correct betting phraseology: for instance, whether a favorite was backed against the *field*, or against the *common*—in short, a thousand little particulars which will naturally suggest themselves to a sportsman disposed to try back on the subject.

There now remains only one question to discuss, and that is, the propriety of reviving the ancient sport. For my own part, I must acknowledge a strong opinion, that it is as worthy of public and private patronage as the more popular pastime. I know the unpalatableness of the notion—that a falling iron will hardly make it go down with man or horse;—there is a general *neigh* from the one, and an universal groan from the other,—to every upturned nostril it seems *Assy-Fœtida*! Still as an Englishman, and a lover of my country, I feel bound to urge it. It has always been considered a most patriotic work to breed colts and fillies expressly for the course; and whenever our national sport has been censured, on the score of the gambling, dishonesty, and cruelty, attached to it, the evils of the practice have been held to be more than counterbalanced by the great improvement in the breed of horses. To apply the same argument to the ass, where shall we, where *can* we, find an animal offering more room for improvement, whether in figure or pace? In fact, during the South Sea mania (and some useful schemes originated from it—witness the Royal Exchange Assurance) there was actually a project for importing Asses from Spain, to better the native stock. Had it been carried into effect, the establishment of Donkey Races would most probably have ensued; and by this time we might have seen Childerses and Eclipses, little inferior in speed to the owners of those celebrated names. A distinguished naturalist, indeed, in treating of the mule, has mentioned “a race between a horse and an ass,” but unfortunately, without stating which was the winner. Nor would it

be safe to decide upon conjecture—an ass, it must be remembered, takes a great deal of beating. Pace, however, ought not to be the sole consideration. To some sportsmen, the speed of greased lightning, *in vacuo*, seems to be a desideratum; they would fain have fliers, that only Cowley's Post-Angel could jockey: but, perhaps, as much swiftness as is desirable or possible is already attained; and as far as the improvement of the breed is concerned, these great horse exhibitions might be abandoned, as his Grace of Bedford gave up the cattle show, when oxen were fat enough. To a large class, indeed—the spectators—the pace is already too good. I have heard a foreigner complain, at Epsom, that the race was over whilst he was wiping and putting on his spectacles; and it is a very common outcry, with parties not professed betters, that the winning post was passed before their wagers could be agreed upon. The natural consequence is, for the excited spirit of speculation to seek out other channels, and thus encourage the modern knights of the garter, the thimble-riggers, and the red and black knaves of *Rouge-et-noir*. It would be quite otherwise with ass-racing. The looker-on would have a meal instead of a snatch; and the tyro, in swaggering, would find time, not merely to back, but to hedge, and if he thought proper, lay it on again, during the progress of a heat. Even the mature scholar, more rapid at his book, would find one inducement to lay out his money in the comparative certainty of fair play. The notorious tricks practised on the race-horse, such as making him a clothes-horse for damp linen, or giving him oxalic acid, by mistake for Epsom salts, have before now disgusted the patrons of racing; nay, driven some of them from the turf, whilst the tender constitution of the animal, the susceptibility of his lungs, and the ticklishness of his legs and feet, are enough of themselves to keep a backer in the state of a Margate packet, with its sixty horse power of vibration. What an awful sound is the cough of a colt to his supporter, who knows too well, in spite of all the old women, that putting the colt's foot in its own mouth will not cure it! The noise of a roarer is as terrific to his backer as the voice of a lion; and a little high-blowing acts on his nervous system precisely as it does on the leaves of an aspen. With what enviable serenity, on the contrary, may a gentleman "keep watch o'er the life of poor Jack"! Bating *assnick*, as some call it, he is as safe as the Bank. His life is what Mr. P. Farren, a great authority on *assurance*, would emphatically pronounce a good one. He is as hard as nails. He will bolt a Scotch thistle, nay, a bunch of nettles, with a hedgehog amongst them, without a wheeze; and as to colds, a laundress might rough dry the monthly wash of a ladies' boarding school on his loins. To crown all these advantages, must be added the facility of the sportsman's having a stud of his own; a luxury, as regards horses, which requires a princely revenue for its support. The comparative expense would be hundreds for thousands; and there are scores of public spirited country gentlemen, in every county in England, who might aspire to keep a racing stable, and thus assist in the regeneration of a quadruped, at once cheap, useful, hardy, enduring, and of great capabilities as to expedition. The "exclusive" spirit of the patrons of such genteel things as the Drawing-room Stakes, would be sure to set itself against the intro-

duction of the ass on the course. He has unfortunately the character of being low and underbred, and accordingly ranks with the "unwashed" of the human species; he would be thought as much out of place amongst race-horses, as a professor of "*hops* in pockets," from the Borough beside the *gallopers* of Almack's. It would be well however to remind such aristocratic personages, that though now an *Emigré*, and under a cloud, the quadruped in question, under the most *ancien régime* in the world belonged to the animal *noblesse*, the steed being, in comparison, but a *parvenu*. The regular record of his paternal ancestry, as well as of his maternal Jenny-alogy, is indeed not extant; but the circumstance only proves—and many human commoners might console themselves with the same inference—that his family is older than the Herald's college. That it was a highly distinguished one, is vouched for by the historical facts, that his name has been worn by monarchs and princes, as a title of honour. Hamor, the cognomen of a Hivite noble, signifies an Ass; Mirvan, the last Khalif of the Omniades, was surnamed Hemar, after the same animal; and Baharam, King of Persia, bore also the addition of Jowr, or the wild ass. A stud-master ought not to lose sight of these sponsorships in naming his stock; for the reciprocity system would justify his adoption of even regal titles. There is reason, indeed, to believe, that the modern appellation of Donkey was derived from a certain Don John, Prince of Assturias, afterwards familiarized as Don Jackey, and thence, by abbreviation, Donkey. At all events, he was a grandee, and should figure as such in the nominations. To a few of the entries, a literary interest might be attached, by borrowing the names of popular characters from novels, or even the titles of the books themselves,—e. g. Mr. Hook's "Jack Brag," or Monsieur Balzac's "Peau de Chagrin;" in short, any other names that have had a run. The first experiment might then be safely and quietly made at any of those sea-side resorts, where, sanctioned by fashion, the *coaster*monger rides, as unabashed as a *costermonger*, on an ass. By favour of the proverbial dulness of watering places, the establishment of Donkey-races would, probably, be hailed as a public benefit; as not only extending the range of amusements, but also promoting health, by supplying a new racing, bracing, pastime in the open air. Moreover, the spirit of speculation, or gambling, if it must be called so, would turn with alacrity from the eternal raffle, and backing a mere numeral, to taking the odds against a sleek, well-bred, high-conditioned favourite; while the ladies, at least, would be well contented to see the chance determined by the skilful, perhaps graceful, riding of a good looking gentleman-owner, in smart tops and leathers, a handsome zebra silk jacket, and jockey cap. The public mind thus prepared, at Margate or Ramsgate, for the novelty, the next step would be Brighton, where, by proper management, the Stewards of the course might be coaxed to admit a Long-Ear Stakes, by way of *entremet*, amongst the *vol-au-vents*, of their bill of fare. Such an "infusion of new blood" would perhaps tend to give interest even to a good day's sport; but it might be booked to enliven a dull one, for, at any rate, an ass-race would be as attractive as one of those matches between fifth and sixth-rate horses, which country gentlemen are so apt to get up over a bottle of *slow-juice*. It could not fail to produce

what might be called *jockey-larity*—an article often much needed to give a fillip to those sadder and wiser men, who feel, like Peter Bell, that they have “done” what they ought not to have done. To such over-weighted spirits a donkey race would be as good as a touch at the claret or the champagne; and many a face that might win the Doleful Stakes by a good length, at remembering the pull-up of Cock-sure at the distance-post, would relax into a candidate for the shorts, while recalling how Ass of Trumps set off at a kicking pace,—had it all his own way, and came in, tail foremost, as full of running as a cracked pitcher.

It would be a national disgrace—a reproach to the public spirit of merry England, if a sport which holds out such serious and comic advantages should fail to be established on our Turf. But Hope promises better things. The prophetic spirit descends upon me, and lo! the scene changes. The noble members of the Jockey Club are wearing their blandest smiles. The *Legs* forget that they ever had any kicking in them. The two Sams volunteer to ride, and a distinguished individual, decorated with the Order of the Thistle, pledges himself to give a Plate. It is June 1939! and a mob, outswelling any that ever mustered on Epsom Downs, is clustered on Ascot Heath. The bell rings—the course is cleared, and—they’re off! The riders are in fancy dresses, and the Venetian Carnival, with its horse racing, is a funeral to it, for fun! Here they come!—there they go! The crowd closes behind them,—and what a shout rends the Welkin, and then a flourish as of *braying* trumpets. Easy! Hee-zy! Holloa! Holl-er! Huzza! Hooraw! Heehaw! Bravo, donkeys! Hasses for hever! I distinguish every cry, and Fancy even forestalls the report of the *Times* to come.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE EXTRA (BY EXPRESS).

The ASSYRIAN STAKES, 5 SOVS. each, h. ft., 22 subs. Gentlemen riders.	
Mr. Cumbly's h. a. <i>Shamble</i> ,—pepper-and-salt body, sky-blue sleeves, red cap.....	1
Mr. Hawker's s. a. <i>Shilowmere</i> ,—teal, whitey-brown sleeves, ditto cap.....	2
Mr. Suttaby's b. a. <i>All-up</i> ,—black, black cap, with brass plate in front.....	3

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN,

WITH REMARKS ON M. SUE'S ROMANCE.

It will be recollected by our readers, that the January and February numbers of the “Register” contained a brief epitome of M. EUGENE SUE’s romantic History of the Godolphin Arabian, copied from the London Sporting Magazine. The question raised as to the origin of that celebrated horse, by the French Author, created more than ordinary sensation, and like our English contemporary, we hastened to present the matter to our readers. The editor of the London Magazine referred to, in his number for May, introduces the article subjoined in the following words:—

“It may be said we ought not to have opened our pages to a fiction, but in doing so we hoped to draw a reply from some of our correspondents qualified for the task, which would set at rest the disputed point; and we less regret having complied with our friend’s request, as it enables us to give the true history, as far as is known,

of that celebrated horse, which will not only prove interesting to our readers, but contains 'a more authentic statement of facts connected with the Godolphin Arabian than has ever before been made public.'"

Having published the original article, it would be manifestly improper to omit the corollary; the subject, however, is so intrinsically interesting, and so much valuable information has been elicited in the discussion, that we do not regret having occupied so much space with it.

"Fingere qui non visa potest:
---- Hic niger est; hunc tu, Romane, caveto."

It is now several weeks since I first observed in the newspapers a notice of a certain "History of the Godolphin Arabian," by M. Eugene Sue. Having been from my youth up tolerably well versed in the pedigrees of the olden time, and, as I think, having quite as much, if not more information on the subject than any person now in existence, I turned with some degree of avidity to its perusal. However, in a few moments, I threw it down in a pet exclaiming, "Confound this Frenchman! A pretty fellow is he to write about the Godolphin Arabian! Is there no other subject he can find to exercise his imagination and his pen upon but *this*—which no Frenchman ever did or ever will know anything about? I wish now I were a Reviewer, just for his sake: wouldn't I clap my finger on the crazy bone of his elbow and stop his scribbling *pour la presse* for the time to come!" Some little time after, I met also with the notice contained in your February Number of this same work of M. Eugene Sue; and although it is evidently written by a gentleman who is at home with the subject, and who can detect at a glance the almost entire falsity of the Frenchman's narrative in the abstract, yet he does not appear sufficiently acquainted with the true history of this celebrated animal to correct his fabrication in detail. I am therefore of opinion that my own observations on the work of M. Eugene Sue will by no means prove uninteresting to your Sporting Readers, since I shall not only point out his errors, but offer perhaps a better and more authentic statement of the facts connected with the Godolphin Arabian than has ever before been made public.

Monsieur Sue's ignorance—and, what is more remarkable, his unparalleled assurance in supposing it possible that a Frenchman could write on any matter connected with the English Turf without making a fool of himself—reminds me of my old friend Billy Pierce's remarks upon that gallant and distinguished officer, Sir J. B——, now Lord Str——d. Sir John, as the Steward of Doncaster Races, had occasion to decide a dispute as to jostling to the prejudice of a horse trained by my old acquaintance, commonly designated on the Yorkshire courses by the name of "T'au'd one," that is to say, "the old one"—and a very descriptive epithet it was, for everything about old Billy seemed to belong to a different age and generation from the present. We may suppose, as Sir John dismissed the complaint, that it was not substantiated; but Mr. Pierce insisted upon this, that Sir John could not distinguish between a race and a charge of cavalry, and that he could by no earthly explanation be made to comprehend in what a "jostle" in racing consisted. So cantankerous was Billy on the subject, that I remember his accosting an old gentleman, whose erudition he held in high esteem, and who was at that time leaning

on my arm, in the following manner: "Mr. —, you can tell me, Sir, wasn't this Sir J. B——'s father or grandfather hanged?"—"No, Mr. Pierce," replied my old friend; "not hanged, but perhaps you allude to the Admiral, who was shot."—"I thowt," rejoined Billy, "it was summat o't sowort, and it's much of a muchness between hanging and shooting; but I'll uphold ye, Mr. —, this Sir J. B—— will *never do for the Turf*—he may be well enough for a General, but he'll *never do for the Turf*! He wants it *here*, Sir," added Billy Pierce, putting his finger in a most expressive manner on his forehead; he wants it *here*!" Now, though I entertain a very different opinion from Billy respecting the distinguished individual who had excited his spleen, and as to the relative quantity of intellect required in a trainer and a general officer, yet I confidently predicate of M. Eugene Sue that "he wants it *here*—*he will never do for the Turf*!" Still, however, the Godolphin Arabian is not a subject for every scribbler to forge memoirs upon, and it is fit that M. Eugene Sue should be shewn to his proper place in the temple of fiction; and I therefore enter upon my undertaking without any further delay.

I see, by your notice of the work in the number for February, that the narrative of M. Sue begins in the year 1732 with the visit of a Quaker gentleman to Paris in that year, who, by a train of incidents bordering upon romance, is led to purchase the Godolphin Arabian out of a wood-cart at three times his estimated value. This last incident is not by any means in keeping with the character of the stiff-necked and broad-brimmed race; for, without at all impugning their general benevolence, I may safely assert that friend Obadiah is a very good hand at making a bargain, and a most unlikely person unnecessarily to make a present of ten Louis-d'ors to a brute of a carter. That this is all fiction is certain, because the horse in 1732 had been in England at least two years. On this point there can be no mistake, as he was in the possession of one of the most wealthy gentlemen in the country, by whom he was imported—namely, Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, ancestor of the present Earl of Leicester. It is unlucky for M. Eugene Sue that the authentic records of the Turf attest the fact of the Godolphin Arabian having been in Mr. Coke's possession as early as 1730; he could not, therefore, be one of the eight Barbary steeds sent to Louis the fifteenth by the Bey of Tunis in 1731—M. Sue's own date of the present. The age of the horse when bought by Mr. Coke was supposed to be six years, a fact which it is obvious his mouth would determine with quite sufficient accuracy at that time.

I cannot pretend to guess the exact train of ideas by which M. Sue arrived at his own particular fiction, but Mr. Weatherby observes in his Stud Book, "the Editor was once informed by a French gentleman, whom he had not had an opportunity of seeing since, that this horse had actually drawn a cart in the streets of Paris." This is the sole authority for the tradition—an anonymous French gentleman! At all events the Arab was acting in the stud of Mr. Coke (not of Lord Godolphin) in the unenviable capacity of teaser to Hobgoblin in the year 1730, two years before the fictitious story of the Arabian is dated in the work of M. Eugene Sue: nor is there any confirmation of the story of his having drawn a cart, though it seems probable, that, having *casually* fallen upon this anecdote, he, not hav-

ing read it in Mr. Weatherby's book, furnished M. Sue with the first idea of his romance. Again, this is confirmed by the fact of the brief account given by Mr. Weatherby, stating two or three things, which, if M. Eugene Sue had known, he would not have fallen into the mistakes of which he has been guilty: for Mr. W. states explicitly, that the Arabian was still in Mr. Coke's hands in 1731, when Lath, his first progeny, was first begotten. Had this Frenchman ever consulted our Stud Books, he would have dated his narrative two or three years earlier in order to have given it something like probability. I may as well observe in this place, that the previous history of the horse's earlier life is false, even supposing M. Sue to have made an error in his dates; because, had he been one of eight Barbary coursers belonging to the King of France, Mr. Coke, who imported him, must have known this fact. How he came into France is perfectly uncertain; but the total absence of any pedigree or usual attestation is supposed to be a sufficient evidence that he had been stolen when very young, though whence we know not. Popular opinion stamped him an Arab, but we are informed that good judges thought it more probable that he was really a Barb.

The story of the Quaker, the wood-cart, and the Mute, being cast aside, let us proceed to the horse's career in England. M. Eugene Sue sells him to one Rogers, who kept the Golden Lion, Charing Cross. This again is a blundering edition of the account given by Mr. Pick, of York, in his Stud Book, who seems to be of opinion that Mr. Coke, after importing the Godolphin Arabian, presented him to Roger Williams (the Rogers of M. Sue), who kept, not the Golden Lion, Charing Cross, but the St. James's Coffee House, further westward, and represents Mr. Williams as presenting him to Lord Godolphin, by whom he was sent down to his stud at the Gogmagogs previously to the season of 1730. All this, however, is wrong. In addition to Mr. Weatherby's statement, I have at this moment before me the assurance of a Clergyman, that in his father's copy of the Stud Book (Weatherby's), there is a MS. note in the margin, opposite to Mr. Weatherby's account of the Godolphin Arabian, which states that the writer (decidedly the best judge of such matters then in England) had been informed by Mr. Coke, of Longford, a descendant of the donor, "that in the year 1736 his ancestor made a present of his whole stud to Lord Godolphin,"—the stud in question containing the Arabian and Hobgoblin, besides Lath, then four, and Cade, two years old; others there doubtless were unknown to us. Though I have no doubt this is the true statement of the facts, yet Mr. Roger Williams might have been an agent of Mr. Coke in the purchase of the Arabian—might even have sold him to that gentleman; but he could, I think, never have had the Godolphin Arabian given to him by Mr. Coke. Mr. Coke of Longford's personal recollection must have extended to within thirty years of the time, and it is very improbable that he was misinformed about the matter.

M. Sue says, "that from his shape and substance it was evident that the Arab could perform a lengthened course without difficulty, and that his speed was prodigious. add to which his uncommon beauty." His picture shows that he was very ugly; and from it one would be apt to suppose that he was not likely to have been useful as a hackney

or charger, much less as a racer; for, though evidently in certain parts of his person exhibiting great strength and power, he appears to have stood over his knees to the degree of deformity, and his neck was preposterously large; his back, too, fallen with age, certainly presents as ugly a representation of horseflesh as ever bothered an artist. It is therefore probable, that though an unsightly horse, he was of a very superior breed, and that having been stolen young, and therefore being accompanied by no attestation of his blood, he was little prized until his value was by chance discovered.

M. Eugene Sue ignorantly supposes him to have gone direct to Lord Godolphin, and describes his neglected state at Gogmagog when both he and his rival Hobgoblin were still in Mr. Coke's possession. M. Sue also describes the progeny of the latter horse as being at that time the crack of Newmarket. The fact is, that Hobgoblin ran in 1729, being then only five years old: he covered in 1730 and 1731, and was racing again successfully in 1732*; and therefore here again M. Eugene Sue's information is at a discount. Further, we are told that Hobgoblin being in such repute, Lord Godolphin purchased Roxana, by Childers, out of Monica, in order to secure the best colts in the world to his own stud. Here again, however, he is unhappy, for Roxana was not by Childers out of Monica, but by The Bald Galloway, who was an English-bred horse, *entirely* of foreign blood, and her dam was Own Sister to Chaunter,† a famous horse, who was likewise purely and entirely of Oriental pedigree. She bore a colt called Roundhead to Childers, in 1733, and then, as by this time Lath was a yearling, probably shewing great promise, she was again put to the Godolphin Arabian. In 1734 she produced her most celebrated son, Cade, and died when he was only ten days old; hence his name. This was, however, two years before Mr. Coke presented his valuable stud to Lord Godolphin.

It may be as well to observe here, that Lord Godolphin was in partnership with Lord Chedworth in his racing engagements, as the latter nobleman was also at another period with the Hon. Mr. Dutton. These partnerships were conducted with great spirit, and in particular I may mention that they purchased some capital mares and colts from a Mr. Robinson, of Easby, in Yorkshire. One of these mares, the noted "Grey Robinson," was the dam of Regulus, bred by Lord Chedworth, and which horse is generally esteemed to have been the *best* of all the sons of the Godolphin Arabian, having never been beaten, or even put to any difficulty in winning any of his races.

The truly French most ridiculous story of the duel between Hobgoblin and the Arabian, as well as the fanciful picture of Newmarket in 1738, when the father-steed was brought out, bedizened in a most unlikely fashion, to see his three sons, all the property of Lord Godolphin, win three great races on the same day—a sight the glory of which, had it really happened, he would not have particularly well understood—these tales are pure and unadulterated fiction. M. Eugene Sue here blunders at every step; Lath, he says, was then five, Cade four, and Regulus three years old; unluckily, however, Lath was then six years old; Cade never started until 1740; Regulus

* Pick, in giving an account of his race with Fearnought, in this year, which he lost, describes him as Mr. Coke's. He won twice afterwards in that year.

† Chaunter was by the Acaster Turk, dam by the Leeds Arabian.

must have been indeed a very precocious colt, for he was not foaled until 1739; added to this, he never was in Lord Godolphin's stud at all, since, on the death of his breeder, Lord Chedworth (about 1744), he was sold, having then never started, to a Mr. Martindale, in whose possession he ever after remained.

We are then informed that it was in consequence of Lath's beating all the English-bred horses—confirming, as this superiority did, the excellence of the Arabian blood, as evinced by the produce of Mr. Darley's horse—that the Arabian cross came into fashion at Newmarket. The truth is, that from the reign of Charles the Second, none but horses bred from Oriental blood had any chance of winning in England: at the same time, the crosses effected in this country were gradually producing a larger, a speedier, and probably a better animal than the Eastern horse. For example, the degraded Hobgoblin, whom M. Eugene Sue makes the Hector to his four-footed Achilles, the ideal Scham of his narrative, was by Aleppo, son of the Darley Arabian, out of a mare by Hautboy. Hautboy was by one of the Darcy Turks, out of a Royal Barbary mare. The above dam of Aleppo was the property of Sir M. Pierson, and thorough-bred. Hobgoblin's dam also was purely of foreign blood, though for two or three generations in England. If it were worth while, I would undertake to prove that the English race-horse is in fact a new breed, formed by crossing various Oriental breeds together; and if there was any aboriginally English blood in the breed, it can no more be traced than three drops of Sherry in a glass of water. This, however, would be a new field, and would carry us off the scent of M. Eugene Sue; and I am anxious to finish my story, which is growing more lengthy than I at first intended.

The next matter which I have to notice is the affectionate and faithful attachment of the Godolphin Arabian's cat to that celebrated father of the English Turf. Even this is garbled in a most unnecessary manner; the truth being that the cat was comparatively a late acquaintance, and instead of preceding him to the tomb, as M. Sue has it, we are assured on much better authority, that after his death poor Puss never left his corpse, but sat upon it all the time it was in the act of being drawn to its grave under the archway at the Gogmagog stables, and, after having seen it covered up, went sorrowfully away, and was never again seen alive. She was found some few days afterwards dead in the hay-loft—thus affording a practical illustration of Mercutio's observation that "care will kill a cat."

But there was one matter connected with the funeral with which it is much to be lamented that M. Sue was unacquainted, for there are few incidents in his fictitious narrative half so well suited to the talent for embellishment, such as it is, of which he appears to be possessed! How unfortunate is it, that his meagre gleanings of English racing lore did not impart to him the very important fact, that at the funeral cake and ale were given to all the good people who attended! I do not perceive that there is any mention of this circumstance, which in his hands could scarcely have failed to have produced a valuable episode on the ceremonial observed at the obsequies of English race-horses.

I trust that what I have stated will bring my readers to the conclu-

sion I have myself arrived at—that this is a new attempt in that “most disreputable walk of literature,” the editing of forged or fictitious memoirs, in which so many *petits littérateurs* have been employed since the peace, and by which so many French publishers have gulled the public. His predecessors having exhausted everything from a Prince Cardinal to a lacquey or chambermaid, M. Eugene Sue has dashed into a new line.—But the authentic history of the Godolphin Arabian is not altogether a matter without interest to English Sportsmen, and the readers of “The Sporting Magazine” have now before them perhaps a more accurate account of his adventures than they have ever before had an opportunity of perusing.

York, March 25, 1839.

CENTAUR.

ON PAVING OR BOTTOMING OF STABLES.

HYDE PARK BARRACKS, April, 1839.

As experiments have lately been made, and are now under observation, in regard to five standings bottomed with Asphalte in these barracks, I take the opportunity of offering a few practical observations, since it is a subject of importance to every owner of horses.

The compelling a horse to stand constantly on an inclined plane is no doubt productive of permanent injury; but this is often of such slow growth that the cause is overlooked or passed unheeded; still it is so much a deviation from a natural state, that very little reflection is necessary to produce conviction that many evils must result from it.

Independently, however, of the degree of slope given to a stall, the state of the horse undergoes various modifications according with the nature and arrangement of its surface.

With almost every kind of paving some degree of deviation from a plane unyielding surface exists; this enables a horse to take that position which is the most easy, and with litter in the stall the facility to do so is increased.

A horse's legs may aptly be compared to props supporting a cylinder, represented by the animal's body: when this is horizontal, the legs have merely to support the weight without muscular exertion being required, or an undue strain of ligaments being occasioned; but when one end of this cylinder is raised, as is the case with a horse standing in an ordinary stall, it acquires a tendency to slide or fall backwards, which with the horse is only counteracted by muscular exertion, or, by the body being thrown forward, bringing the fore-legs to an acute, and the hind legs to an obtuse angle with it. With feet resting on a plane unyielding sloping surface, it must be evident that this position can only be attained by subjecting the posterior or flexing parts of the limbs to an undue degree of stretching and exertion, thereby producing stiffness, and ultimately lameness. That horses rest themselves and even sleep without lying down, is a well-known fact; but to enable them to do so, their position in standing must be suitable.

In stalls paved with ordinary stones in the common way, the bottom

is very irregular: at first the lateral faces of the stones are not placed in correct apposition; the edges of the stones soon get worn away, and the interstices are deepened by the broom in sweeping. The elevations and depressions become in this way extremely varied, and the horse may stand with the ground surface of the foot level, or with the toe depressed to a degree to which nature points as being the most conducive to ease in standing.

Experience shows that horses almost invariably avail themselves of this facility for standing with the toe depressed, more especially so as regards the hind-legs. When this way of standing is carried to excess, which it frequently is where the stones are rounded on the surface and the interstices large, a contracted state of the posterior ligaments is induced. The change, though it hardly can be doubted, is, however, so slow, that in short periods it cannot be detected. It is very common to see old horses step mainly on the toe of the hind feet. That horses become contracted and stiff in their joints by work, is perfectly true, still it is but reasonable to believe that the unnatural mode of standing here pointed out contributes towards increasing this infirmity.

From the fact that horses retained in a stall merely by a rail across it will most commonly be found with their heads from the manger, and consequently lowest before, it has been supposed that to reverse the usual inclination of standings might be advantageous. But I think it very probable that light and cheerfulness may have as much to do with this disposition in the horse as that of a desire to stand downhill.

Stalls paved nearly level, but having a slight depression in every direction towards a point near the centre, with a grating over a cess-pool, or communicating with an under-ground drain, closed by a stink-trap, I believe to be the most conducive to the well-doing of horses; they certainly are the least outrageous against nature, and admit of variety in the mode of standing by change of position. With a sufficient length of halter-rein the horse may stand back and have his fore feet the lowest; by standing forward, this position may be reversed; both varying in degree as instinct may point out; or the horse may stand level or nearly so.

A surface drain for the escape of urine appears to be in most instances useless. A part of the urine soaks into the ground and becomes innoxious, a part is swabbed up by the litter, and the rest escapes by evaporation. Under-ground drains require to be closed by an air-trap to prevent a current of air setting into the stable, and which must necessarily be foul from the accumulation of acrid matter it has to pass over.

All that I have hitherto said on this subject applies to stalls which have a previous bottoming; it now remains to offer a few remarks on the bottoming with Asphalte, which is supposed to be impervious.

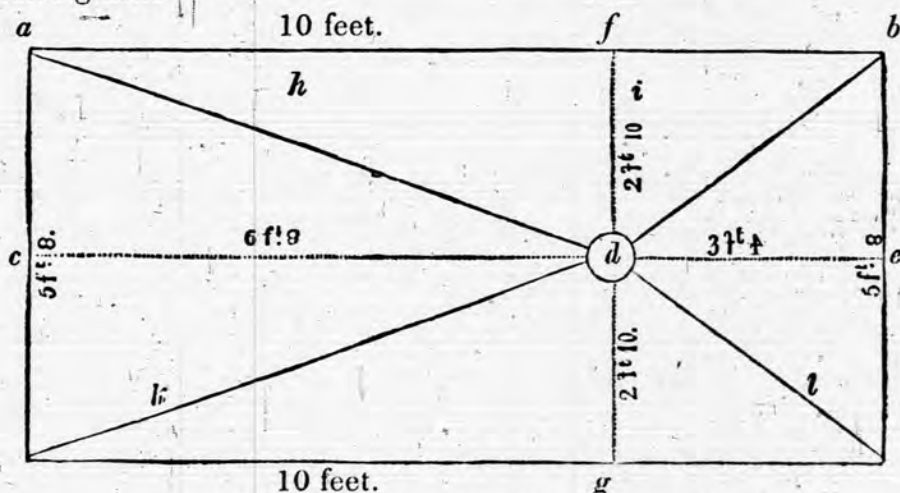
This composition appears to possess the requisite degree of hardness, and is probably sufficiently durable. It would no doubt answer very well if laid in a dishing form, with a grating near the centre of the stall through which the urine might pass off; but laid as a continued inclined plane from manger to gutter, it is the worst bottoming that can be employed. The urine which is not swabbed up by the

litter is diffused over a large surface ; none of it soaks into the ground ; and the atmosphere of the stable becomes impregnated with peculant matter in an increased degree by its absorption : for before it can reach a drain it is too much diffused to run off. Besides, the horse has scarcely any means of alleviating the unnatural degree of strain imposed upon the posterior part of the limb ; even standing obliquely in the stall affords but very imperfect relief.

An instance worthy of remark has occurred in one of the stalls bottomed with this composition in the Hyde Park Barracks : it must not, however, excite surprise, as similar cases are by no means uncommon. An accidentally soft place exists in one of the stalls, a few inches distant from the heel-post : the horse in seeking relief has found this out : it admits the toe of the shoe deep enough to prevent slipping, and the horse is continually found standing with the toe of the foot in the depression, and the heel of it propped up against the post.

The best form for the bottom of a stall is that which gives a general dishing towards a grating in the centre, as from side to side, and about two-thirds from the front towards the back termination of the standing, which may be taken at ten feet, beyond which the space or gangway should be level, and the wider this is the better ; the lines on the side of each standing should have a slope of about three inches from the front wall to the termination of the standing, and from each side to the centre of about two inches, with a grating at that part for the urine to pass into an under-ground drain or cess-pool. As to difference whether for mares or geldings, it is hardly necessary when the grating is suitably placed.

The annexed diagram will in some degree illustrate the description I have given.



- a to b , 120 inches, slope 3 in.=1 in 40.
- c to d , 80 inches, slope 4 in.=1 in 20.
- e to d , 40 inches, slope 1 in.=1 in 40.
- f to d , 34 inches, slope 2 in.=1 in 17.
- g to d , the same as f to d .

In paving, the straight lines will be those indicated by $h i$ and $k l$; and the intermediate spaces between these and the boundary lines of the standing should be gently dishing.

The circle indicating the drain ought to be at least eight or ten inches.

It is not necessary that the precise degrees of declination here indicated should be rigidly adhered to, but something like an approximation to them will be found to answer the purpose.

The real Dutch clinker is better than stones for paving with; but if the latter are used, the size on the surface cannot be too small.

I shall here for the present let the matter rest, believing that I have said enough to draw attention to this very important subject. I may hereafter give it further consideration, as much yet remains to be said upon practical details.

F. C. CHERRY,

[London Sporting Magazine for May, 1839.]

Vet. Surg. 2d Life Guards.

A WEEK IN THE WOODLANDS ;

OR SCENES ON THE ROAD, IN THE FIELD, AND ROUND THE FIRE.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE THIRD.

So thoroughly was I tired out by the effects of the first day's fagging I had undergone in many months, and so sound was the slumber into which I sank the moment my head touched the pillow, that it scarcely seemed as if five minutes had elapsed between my falling into sweet forgetfulness, and my starting bolt upright in bed, aroused by the vociferous shout, and ponderous trampling—equal to nothing less than that of a full-grown rhinoceros—with which Tom Draw rushed, long before the sun was up, into my chamber.

"What's this—what's this now?"—he exclaimed—"why the d—! arn't you up and ready?—why here's the bitters mixed, and Archer in the stable this half hour past, and Jem's here with the hounds—and you, you lazy snorting Injun, wasting the morning here in bed!"

My only reply to this most characteristic salutation, was to hurl my pillow slap in his face, and—threatening to follow up this missile with the contents of the water pitcher, which stood temptingly within my reach, if he did not get out incontinently—to jump up and array myself with all due speed; for, when I had collected my bewildered thoughts, I well remembered that we had settled on a fox-hunt before breakfast, as a preliminary to a fresh skirmish with the quail.

In a few minutes I was on foot and in the parlor, where I found a bright crackling fire, a mighty pitcher of milk punch, and a plate of biscuit, an apt substitute for breakfast before starting; while, however, I was discussing these, Archer arrived, dressed just as I have described him on the preceding day, with the addition of a pair of heavy hunting spurs, buckled on over his half-boots, and a large iron hammered whip in his right hand.

"That's right, Frank"—he exclaimed, after the ordinary saluta-

tions of the morning—"why that old porpoise told me you would not be ready these two hours; he's grumbling out yonder by the stable door, like a hog stuck in a farm-yard gate. But come, we may as well be moving, for the hounds are all uncoupled, and the nags saddled, —put on a pair of straps to your fustian trowsers, and take these racing spurs, though Peacock does not want them—and now, hurrah!"

This was soon done, and going out upon the stoop, a scene—it is true, widely different from the kennel-door, at Melton, or the covert side at Billesdon Coplow, yet not by any means devoid of interest or animation—presented itself to my eyes. About six couple of large heavy hounds, with deep and pendant ears, heavy well-feathered sterns, broad chests, and muscular strong limbs, were gathered round their feeder, the renowned Jem Lyn; on whom it may not be impertinent to waste a word or two, before proceeding to the mountain, which, as I learned, to my no little wonder, was destined to be our hunting ground. Picture to yourself, then, gentle reader, a small but actively formed man, with a face of most unusual and portentous ugliness, an uncouth grin doing the part of a smile; a pair of eyes so small that they would have been invisible, but for the serpent-like vivacity and brightness with which they sparkled from their deep sockets, and a profusion of long hair, coal-black, but lank and uncurled as an Indian's, combed smoothly down with a degree of care entirely out of keeping with the other details, whether of dress or countenance, on either cheek. Above these sleek and cherished tresses he wore a thing which might have passed for either cap or castor, at the wearer's pleasure; for it was wholly destitute of brim except for a space some three or four inches wide over the eyebrows; and the crown had been so pertinaciously and completely beaten in, that the sides sloped inward at the top, as if to personate a bishop's mitre—a fishing line was wound about this graceful and—if its appearance belied it not most foully—odoriferous head-dress; and into the fishing line was stuck the bowl and some two inches of the shank of a well-sooted pipe. An old red handkerchief was twisted rope-wise about his lean and straggy neck, but it by no means sufficed to hide the scar of what had evidently been a most appalling gash, extending right across his throat, almost from ear to ear, the great cicatrix clearly visible like a white line through the thick stubble of some ten days' standing that graced his chin and neck. An old green coat, the skirts of which had long since been docked by the encroachments of thorn-bushes and cat-briars, with the mouth-piece of a powder-horn peeping from its breast pocket, and a full shot-belt crossing his right shoulder—a pair of fustian trowsers, patched at the knees with corduroy—and heavy cowhide boots completed his attire. This, as it seemed, was to be our huntsman, and sooth to say, although he did not look the character, he played the part, when he got to work, right handsomely. At a more fitting season, Harry in a few words, let me into this worthy's history and disposition. "He is"—he said—"the most incorrigible rascal I ever met with—an unredeemed and utter vagabond—he started life as a stallion leader, a business which he understands—as in fact he does almost every thing else within his scope—thoroughly well! He got on prodigiously!—was employed by the first breeders in the country!—took

to drinking, and then, in due rotation, to gambling, pilfering, lying, every crime, in short, which is compatible with utter want of anything like moral sense, deep shrewdness, and uncommon cowardice. He cut his throat once—you may see the scar now—in a fit of *delirium tremens*, and Tom Draw—who, though he is perpetually cursing him for the most lying critter under heaven, has, I believe, a sort of fellow feeling for him—nursed him and got him well; and ever since he has hung about here—getting at times a country stallion to look after, at others hunting, or fishing, or doing little jobs about the stable, for which Tom gives him plenty of abuse, plenty to eat, and as little rum as possible, for if he gets at a second glass it is all up with Jem Lyn for a week at least. He came to see me once in New York, when I was down upon my back with a broken leg—I was lying in the parlor, about three weeks after the accident had happened!—Tim Matlock had gone out for something, and the cook let him in—and, after he had sat there about half an hour, telling me all the news of the Races, and making me laugh more than was good for my broken leg, he gave me such a hint, that I was compelled to direct him to the cupboard, wherein I keep the liquor-stand;—and unluckily enough, as I had not for some time been in drinking tune, all three of the bottles were brimful; and, as I am a Christian man, he drank in spite of all that I could say—I could not leave the couch to get at him—two of them to the dregs; and, after frightening me almost to death, fell flat upon the floor, and lay there fast asleep when Tim came in again; who dragged him instantly, by my directions, under the pump in the garden, and soused him for about two hours, but without producing the least effect, except eliciting a grunt or two from this most seasoned cask. Such is Jem Lyn, and yet, absurd to say, I have tried the fellow, and believe him perfectly trustworthy—at least to me! He is a coward, yet I have seen him fight like a hero more than once, and against heavy odds, to save me from a thrashing, which I got after all, though not without some damage to our foes, whose name might have been legion!—He is the greatest liar I ever met with; and yet I never caught him in a falsehood, for he believes it is no use to tell me one!—He is most utterly dishonest, yet I have trusted him with sums that would, in his opinion, have made him a rich man for life, and he accounted to the utmost shilling—but I advise you not to try the same—for if you do he most assuredly will cheat you!”

Among the heavy looking hounds, which clustered round this hopeful gentleman, I quickly singled out two couple of widely different breed and character—your thorough high-bred racing fox-hounds, with ears rounded, thin shining coats, clean limbs, and all the marks of the best class of English hounds. “Aye! Frank”—said Archer, as he caught my eye fixed on them—“you have found out my favorites. Why, Bonny Belle, good lass, why Bonny Belle!—here Blossom, Blossom, come up and show your pretty figures to your countryman!—Poor Hanbury—do you remember, Frank, how many a merry day we’ve had with him by Thorley Church, and Takely forest?—poor Hanbury sent them to me with *such* a letter, only the year before he died—and those, Dauntless and Dangerous, I had from Will, Lord Harewood’s huntsman, the same season!”

"There never was sich dogs—there never was afore in Orange,"—said Tom. "I *will* say that though they be English—and though they be too fast for fox—entirely—there never was sich dogs for deer"—

"But how the deuce"—I interrupted—"can hounds be too fast, if they have bone and staunchness!"

"Staunchness be d—d,—they holes them!"—

"No earthstoppers in these parts, Frank," cried Harry—"and as the object of these gentlemen is not to hunt solely for the fun of the thing, but to destroy a noxious varmint, they prefer a slow, sure, deep-mouthed dog, that does not press too close on Pug, but lets him take his time about the coverts, till he comes into fair gunshot of these hunters who are lying perdu at his runs to get a crack at him."

"And pray," said I—"is this *your* method of proceeding?"—

"You shall see, you shall see—come get to horse, or it will be late before we get our breakfasts, and I assure you I don't wish to lose either that, or my day's quail-shooting. This hunt is merely for a change, and to get something of an appetite for breakfast. Now, Tim, be sure that everything is ready by eight o'clock at the latest—we shall be in by that time with a furious appetite." Thus saying he mounted, without more delay, his favorite, the gray; while I backed, nothing loth, the chesnut horse; and at the same time to my vast astonishment, from under the long shed out rode the mighty Tom, bestriding a tall powerful brown mare, showing a monstrous deal of blood combined with no slight bone—equipped with a cavalry bridle, and strange to say, *without* the universal martingale—he was rigged just as usual, with the exception of a broad-brimmed hat in place of his fur cap, and grasped in his right hand a heavy smooth-bored rifle, while with the left he wheeled his mare, with a degree of active skill, which I should certainly have looked for anywhere rather than in so vast a mass of flesh as that which was exhibited by our worthy host. Two other sportsmen, grave, sober-looking, farmers, whom Harry greeted cheerily by name, and to whom in all due form I was next introduced, well mounted, and armed with long single-barrelled guns, completed our party; and away we went at a rattling trot, the hounds following at Archer's heels, as steadily as though he hunted them three times a week.

"Now arn't it a strange thing"—said Tom—"arn't it a strange thing, Mr. Forester, that every critter under heaven takes somehow nat'rally to that are Archer—the very hounds—old Whino there! that I have had these eight years, and fed with my own hands, and hunted steady every winter, quits me the very moment he claps sight on him—'by the Eternal,' I believe he is half dog himself."

"You *hunted* them indeed"—interrupted Harry—"you old rhinoceros, why hang your hide, you never so much as heard a good view holloa till I came up here—you *hunted* them—a man talk of hunting, that carries a cannon about with him on horseback—but come, where are we to try first, on Rocky hill, or in the Spring swamps?"

"Why now I reckon, Archer, we'd best stop down to Sam Joneses—by the blacksmith's—he was telling t' other morning of an eternal sight of them he'd seen down hereaway—and we'll be there to rights!"

—Jem, curse you, out of my way, you dumb nigger—out of my way, or I'll ride over you"—for, travelling along at a strange shambling run, that worthy had contrived to keep up with us, though we were going fully at the rate of eight or nine miles in the hour.

"Hurrah!" cried Tom, suddenly pulling up at the door of a neat farm-house on the brow of a hill, with a clear streamlet sweeping round its base, and a fine piece of woodland at the further side—"Hurrah! Sam Jones, we've come to make them foxes, you were telling of a Sunday, smell h—ll right straight away. Here's Archer, and another Yorker with him—leastwise an Englisher I should say—and Squire Conklin, and Bill Speers, and that white nigger Jem—look sharp, I say—look sharp, d—n you, else we'll pull off the ruff of the old homestead."

In a few minutes Sam made his appearance, armed, like the rest, with a Queen Ann's tower-musket. "Well! well!"—he said—"I'm ready—quit making such a clatter—lend me a load of powder, one of you; my horn's leaked dry, I reckon!"

Tom forthwith handed him his own, and the next thing I heard was Jones exclaiming that it was "desperate pretty powder," and wondering if it shot strong—

"Shoot strong—I guess you'll find it strong enough to sew you up, if you go charging your old musket that ways"—answered Tom—"by the Lord, Archer, he's put in three full charges."

"Well, it will kill him, that's all"—answered Harry very coolly—"and there'll be one less of you—but come! come! let's be bustling, the sun's going to get up already—you'll leave your horses here, I suppose, gentlemen, and get to the old stands—Tom Draw, put Mr. Forester at my old post down by the big pin-oak at the creek side—and you stand there, Frank, still as a church-mouse: it's ten to one, if some of these fellows don't shoot him first, that he'll break covert close by you, and run the meadows for a mile or two, up to the turnpike road, and over it to Rocky hill—that black knob yonder, covered with pine and hemlock. There are some queer snake fences in the flat, and a big brook or two, but Peacock has been over every inch of it before, and you may trust in him implicitly—Good bye—I'm going up the road with Jem to drive it from the upper end"—and off he went at a merry trot, with the hounds gambolling about his stirrups, and Jem Lyn running at his best pace, to keep up with him—in a few minutes they were lost behind a swell of woodland, round which the road wheeled suddenly. At the same moment Tom and his companions re-appeared from the stables, where they had been securing their four-footed friends; and, after a few seconds, spent in running ramrods down the barrels to see that all was right, inspecting primings, knapping flints, or putting on fresh copper caps, it was announced that all was ready; and passing through the farm yard, we entered, through a set of bars, a broad bright buckwheat stubble—and scarcely an hundred yards had we proceeded, before up sprang the finest bevy of the largest quail I had yet seen, and flying high and wild crossed half-a-dozen fields in the direction of the village whence we had started, and pitched at length into an alder brake beside the stream.

"Them chaps has gone the right way"—Tom exclaimed, with a deep sigh, who had with wondrous difficulty refrained from firing into

them, though he was loaded with buckshot—"right in the course we count to take this forenoon. Now, Squire, keep to the left *here*, take your station by the old earths there away, under the tall dead pine—and you, Bill, make tracks *there*, straight through the middle cart-way, down to the other meadow, and sit you down right where the two streams fork; there'll be an old red snooping down that side ere long, I reckon. We'll go on, Mr. Forester, here's a big rail fence now—I'll throw off the top rail, for I'll be d—d if I climb any day when I can creep—there, that'll do, I reckon; leastwise if you can ride like Archer—he d—ns me always, if I so much as shakes a fence afore he jumps it—you've got the best horse, too, for lepping—now let's see—well done!—well done!"—he continued, with a most boisterous burst of laughter—"well done, *horse*, any how!"—as Peacock, who had been chafing ever since he parted from his comrade Bob, went at the fence as though he were about to take it in his stroke—stopped short when within a yard of it, and then bucked over it, without touching a splinter, although it was at least five feet, and shaking me so much, that, greatly to Tom's joy, I showed no little glimpse of daylight—"I reckon if they *run* the meadows, you'll hardly *ride* them, Forester"—he grinned—"but now away with you—you see the tall dark pin oak, it hasn't lost one leaf yet, right in the nook there of the bars you'll find a quiet shady spot, where you can see clear up the rail fence to this knob, where I'll be. Off with you, boy—and mind you now, you keep as dumb as the old woman when her husband cut her tongue out, 'cause she had too much jaw."

Finishing his discourse, he squatted himself down on the stool of a large hemlock, which—being recently cut down—cumbered the wood-side with its giant stem, and secured him—with its evergreen top now lowly laid and withering—from the most narrow scrutiny; while I, giving the gallant horse his head, went at a brisk hand-gallop across the firm short turf of the fair sloping hill-side, taking a moderate fence in my stroke, which Peacock cleared in a style that satisfied me Harry had by no means exaggerated his capacity to act as hunter, in lieu of the less glorious occupation to which in general he was doomed.

In half a minute more I reached my post, and though an hour passed before I heard the slightest sound betokening the chase, never did I more thoroughly enjoy an hour. The loveliness of the whole scene before me—the broad rich sweep of meadowland lying, all bathed in dew, under the pale gray light of an autumnal morning, with groups of cattle couched still beneath the trees where they had passed the night!—the distant hills, veiled partially in mist, partially rearing their round leafy heads toward the brightening sky!—and then the various changes of the landscape, as slowly the day broke behind the eastern hill!—and all the various sounds of bird, and beast, and insect, which each succeeding variation of the morning served to call into life as if by magic!—First a faint rosy flush stole up the eastern sky, and nearly at the self-same moment, two or three vagrant crows came flapping heavily along, at a height so immeasurable that their harsh voices were by distance modified into a pleasing murmur!—And now a little fish jumped in the streamlet; and the splash, trifling as it was, with which he fell back on the quiet surface,

half startled me,—a moment afterward an acorn plumped down on my head, and, as I looked up, there sat, on a limb not ten feet above me, an impudent rogue of a grey squirrel, half as big as a rabbit, erect upon his haunches, working away at the twin brother of the acorn he had dropped upon my hat to break my reverie, rasping it audibly with his chisel-shaped teeth, and grinning at me just as coolly as though I were a harmless scare-crow!—When I grew tired of observing him, and looked toward the sky again, behold the western ridge, which is far higher than the eastern hills, had caught upon its summits the first bright rays of the yet unseen day-god; while the rosy flush of the east had brightened into a blaze of living gold, exceeded only by the glorious hues with which a few slight specks of misty cloud glowed out against the azure firmament, like coals of actual fire—again a louder splash aroused me; and, as I turned, there floated on a glassy basin, into which the ripples of a tiny fall subsided, three wood-ducks with a noble drake, that loveliest in plumage of all aquatic fowl, perfectly undisturbed and fearless, although within ten yards of their most dreaded enemy. How beautiful are all their motions!—there! one has reared herself half way out of the water—another stretches forth a delicate web foot to scratch her ear, as handily as a dog on dry land;—and now the drake reflects his purple neck to preen his ruffled wing, and now—bad luck to you, Peacock, why did you snort and stamp?—they are off like a bullet, and out of sight in an instant. And now out comes the sun himself, and with him the accursed hum of a musquitoe—and hark!—hush!—what was that?—was it?—by heavens, it was the deep note of a fox-hound!—aye! there comes Harry's cheer, faintly heard, swelling up the breeze. "Have at him, there! Ha-a-ve at him, good lads!"—again! again! those are the musical deep voices of the slow hounds—they have a dash in them of the old Southern breed—and now!—there goes the yell—the quick sharp yelping rally of those two high-bred bitches.—By heaven! they must be viewing him!—how the woods ring and crash!—"Togather hark!—Togather hark!—Toga-a-ather!—For-ra-ard, good lads, get for-a-ard!—Hya-a-araway!"—Well holloaed Harry—I could swear to that last screech, out of ten thousand, though it is near ten years since I last heard it! But heavens! how they press him!—hang it! there goes a shot—the squire has fired at him, as he tried the earthis! now, if he have but missed him, and Pan, the God of hunters, send it so, he has no chance but to try the open—By Jove he has! he must have missed, for Bonny Belle and Blossom are raving half a mile this side of him already. And now Tom sees him—how quietly he steals up to the fence—there! he has fired! and all our sport is up!—No! no! he waves his hat and points this way—Can he have missed?—No—he has got a fox—he lifts it out by the brush, there must have been two, then, on foot together—he has done well to get that he has killed away, or they would have stopped on him!—Hush! the leaves rustle here beside me, with a quick patter—the twigs crackle—it is he!—move not—not for your life, Peacock!—there! he has broken cover fairly—now he is half across the field—he stops to listen—ah! he will head back again—No! no! that crash, when they came upon the warm blood, has decided him—away he goes, with his brush high,

and its white tag brandished in the sunshine—now I may holloa him away—"Whoop! gone awa-ay! whoop!"—I was answered on the instant by Harry's quick "Hark holloa! get awa-y—get awa-ay!—to him hark! to him hark! hark holloa!"—Most glorious Artemis, what heaven stirring music!—and yet there are but poor six couple; the scent must be as hot as fire, for every hound seems to have twenty tongues, and every leaf an hundred echoes!—How the boughs crash again! Lo! they are here—Bonny Belle leading—head and stern up, with a quick panting yelp—Blossom, and Dangerous, and Dauntless, scarcely a length behind her, striving together, neck and neck—and, by St. Hubert, it must be a scent of twenty thousand, for here these heavy southrons are scarcely two rods behind them. But fidget not, good Peacock! fret not most excellent Pythagoras!—one moment more, and I am not the boy to balk you—and here comes Harry on the gray; by George, he makes the brush-wood crackle—now for a nasty leap out of the tangled swamp—a high six barred fence of rough trees, leaning toward him, and up hill!—surely he will not try it. Will he not though?—see! his rein is tight yet easy! his seat, how beautiful, how firm, yet how relaxed and graceful—well done indeed!—he slacks his rein one instant as the gray rises—the rugged rails are cleared, and the firm pull supports him!—but Harry moved not in the saddle, no, not one hair's breadth—a five foot fence to him is nothing—you shall not see the slightest variation between his attitude in that strong effort, and in the easy gallop—if Tom Draw saw him now, he could have some excuse for calling him "half horse"—and he does see him—hark to that most unearthly yell—like unto nothing, either heavenly or human!—he waves his hat and hurries back as fast as he is able to the horses, well knowing that, for pedestrians at least, the morning's sport is ended. Harry and I were now almost abreast, riding in parallel lines, down the rich valley, very nearly at the top speed of our horses; taking fence after fence in our stroke, and keeping well up with the hounds, which were running almost mute, such was the furious speed to which the blazing scent excited them. We had already passed above two thirds of the whole distance that divides the range of woods, wherein we found him, and the pretty village which we had constituted our head quarters, a distance of at least three miles—and now a very difficult and awkward obstacle presented itself to our farther progress, in the shape of a wide yawning brook between sheer banks of several feet in height, broken, with rough and pointed stones, the whole being at least five yards across—the gallant hounds dashed over it; and, when we reached it, were half way across the grass field next beyond it—"Hold him hard, Frank," Harry shouted—"hold him hard, man, and cram him at it!"—and so I did, though I had little hope of clearing it. I lifted him a little on the snaffle, gave him the spur just as he reached the brink, and with a long and swinging leap, so easy that its motion was in truth scarce perceptible, he swept across it; before I had the time to think, we were again going at our best pace almost among the hounds. Over myself, I cast a quick glance back toward Harry, who by a short turn of the chase had been thrown a few yards behind me. He charged it gallantly—but on the very verge, cowed by the brightness of the rippling water, the gray made a half stop,

but leaped immediately, beneath the application of the galling spur—he made a noble effort, but it was scarce a thing to be effected by a standing leap, and it was with far less pleasure than surprise, that I saw him drop his hind legs down the steep bank, having just landed with his fore feet in the meadow. I was afraid, indeed, he must have had an ugly fall, but, picked up quickly by the delicate and steady finger of his rider, the good horse found some slight projection of the bank, whereby to make a second spring—after a heavy flounder, however, which must have dismounted any less perfect horseman, he recovered himself well, and before many minutes was again abreast of me! Thus far the course of the hunted fox had lain directly homeward, down the valley; but now the turnpike-road making a sudden turn crossed his line at right angles, while another narrower road coming in at a tangent, went off to the southwestward in the direction of the bold projection, which I had learned to recognize as Rocky hill—over the high fence into the road—well performed gallant horses!—and now they check for a moment, puzzling about on the dry sandy turnpike. “Dangerous feathers on it now!—speak to it, speak to it, good hound!” How beautiful that flourish of the stern with which he darts away on the recovered scent—with what a yell they open it once again! Harry was right, he makes for Rocky hill, but up this plaguy lane, where the scent lies but faintly. Now! now! the road turns off again far westward of his point—he may—by Jove, and he *has* left it! “Have at him, then, lads, he is ours!”—and lo! the pace increases. Ha! what a sudden turn, and in the middle too of a clear pasture—“Has he been headed, Harry?”—“No! no! his strength is failing”—and see, he makes his point again toward the hill—it is within a quarter of a mile, and if he gain it we can do nothing with him, for it is full of earths—but he will never reach it—see he turns once again—how exquisitely well those bitches run it—three times he has doubled, now almost as short as a hare, and they, running breast high, have turned with him each time, not over-running it a yard. See how the sheep have drawn together into phalanx yonder, in that bare pasture to the eastward, he has crossed that field for a thousand—yes! I am right—see! they turn once again—what a delicious rally—an outspread towel would cover those four leading hounds, now Dauntless has it—has it by half a neck, “he always goes up, when a fox is sinking”—Harry exclaimed, pointing towards him with his hunting whip—aye! he has given up his point entirely, he knew he could not face the hill—look! look at those carrion crows—how low they stoop over that woody bank—that is his line!—here is the road again—over it once more merrily! and now I view him—“whoop!—Forra-ard, lads, forra-ard!” he cannot hold five minutes, and see, there comes fat Tom pounding that mare along the road, as if her fore feet were of hammered iron; he has come up along the turnpike, at an infernal pace, while that turn favoured him, but he will only see us kill him, and that too at a respectful distance—another brook stretches across our course, hurrying to join the greater stream along the banks of which we have so long been speeding—but this is but a little one—there we have cleared it cleverly—now! now! the hounds are viewing him—poor brute! his day is come—see how he twists and doubles—ah, now they

have him—no! that short turn has saved him, and he gains the fence—he will lie down there—no! he stretches gallantly across the next field—game to the last, poor devil! There, “Who—whoop!—Dead! dead! who—whoop!”—and in another instant Harry had snatched him from the hounds, and holding him aloft displayed him to the rest, who had come up along the road!—

“A pretty burst!”—he said to me—“a pretty burst, Frank, and a good kill—but they can’t stand before the hounds, the foxes here, like our stout islanders—they are not forced to work so hard to gain their living—but now let us get homeward, I want my breakfast, I can tell you, and then a rattle at the quail—I mean to get full forty brace to-day, I promise you!”

“And we”—said I, “have marked down fifteen brace already toward it!—right in the line of our beat—Tom says!”—

“That’s right, well! let’s go on,”—and in a short half hour, we were all once again assembled about Tom’s hospitable board, and making such a breakfast, on every sort of eatable that can be crowded on a breakfast table, as sportsmen only have a right to make—nor they—unless they have walked twenty, or galloped half as many miles, before it. Before we had been in an hour, Harry once again roused us out—all had been, during our absence, fully prepared by the indefatigable Tim; who, as the day before, accoutred with spare shot and lots of provender, seemed to grudge us each morsel that we ate, so eager was he to see us take the field in season. Off we went then—but what boots it to repeat a thrice told tale—suffice it, that the dogs worked as well as dogs can work—that birds were plentiful, and living good—that we fagged hard, and shot on the whole passably, so that by sun-set we had exceeded Harry’s forty brace by fifteen birds, and got beside nine couple and a half of woodcock; which we found, most unexpectedly, basking themselves in the open meadow, along the grassy banks of a small rill, without a bush or tree within five hundred yards of them.

Evening had closed in, when we reached the well known tavern-stand, and the merry blaze of the fire, and many candles, showed us, while yet far distant, that due preparations were in course for our entertainment.

“What have we here?” cried Harry as we reached the door—“Race horses? Why, Tom, by heavens we’ve got the flying dutchman here again—now for a night of it!”—and so in truth it was, a most wet, and right jovial one, seasoned with no small wit—but of that more-anon!

Mr. Ridsdale is said to have won near forty thousand pounds by the Derby. A thousand to fifteen were given freely, with the full certainty of pocketing the smaller sum, and very little expectation of having to “fork out” the larger.

London Era.

REMINISCENCES OF THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

ALDIE, VIRGINIA, June 18, 1839.

A quiet observer—one who delights in horse-flesh—can find much to amuse him in a racing campaign, independent of the thrilling excitement of the race-field, and its uncertainty. There are a thousand other things, which fill the heart with pleasure. The crowd—composed of so many with different sentiments, feelings, and judgments, affords him ample food for speculation and philosophy, and if he be one who delights in the study of Man—who is fond of watching the passions, and ferreting out the causes that bring them into play, I would bid him go to the race-field. I love to see the impatience of the multitude—the constant asking, “what in the world keeps away the horses?”—the offer here and the acceptance there—the gathering into small groups, of the “knowing ones,” the *sharps*, as they are termed—calculating the chances and shaping the betting—the eagerness of the *flats* to ascertain how certain men bet—the laying back for the long odds—the whispers about certain horses not doing well—a slight cough—a delicate appetite, &c., are all weighed, and ’tis only the blast of the bugle that reminds them of the necessity of prompt action, and some one more impatient, or perhaps bolder than the rest, leads off with possibly 100 to 30—the crowd catch it up and the betting is brisk. Another blast of the bugle and the riders are up—a tap of the drum and they are off—dozens are seen with “*independent seconds*” in their hands, carefully noting the time—a mile has been run, and still the silence of the course equals the grave-yard—a half-mile more—look—an outsider still leads—he is running at his ease—his rider has a steady pull—he has links that are not let out—“\$100 he wins the heat!”—“I take it!” comes from a dozen voices—the nearest one books it—“Will you go it again?”—“Not yet.”—“Look at the favorite—he makes his run—he comes up—they go like twin bullets—he draws out his head—they are swinging round the turn—the disadvantage throws him back—they are on the straight stretch—“100 to 60 on the favorite”—’tis taken—again he draws out—“100 to 30”—“100 to 20”—“100 to 5”—“100 to 1,” and he comes home a gallant winner by half a length!

Now is the time for the exercise of judgment; the cooling off of the horses—their distress and their recovery are carefully noted—some are hedging, while others are taking the odds; some fellow who has a few hundreds staked against half as many thousands, is making strong calculations on the rich harvest that awaits him—his pulse beats quick, and his restless eye too plainly tells of the struggle within—Hope still clings to him, and pours into his ear her golden song—he has already made a disposition of his winnings—a fast trotter—a superb cab—or a splendid three-year-old must be purchased. He is among the crowd, but not one of them—hark to the bugle—it brings him back to *earth*—once more ’tis sounded—its note grates harshly on his ear—look at the favorite—his sides are glossy and shining as the turtle dove’s breast—that eye, too, is bright, and the firm and elastic step tells not of distress, or fatigue. Gil. is on his back, and look how beautifully he sits—one would suppose he

was part and parcel of the horse—his calm quiet look—his honest countenance, and a certain expression of confidence strike terror to the *odds takers*—the drum taps—they are off—another outsider is making gallant flings for fame—how nobly he cuts out the work—"a streak of lightning *can't catch him!*" shouts one—"But *Rocker can!*" shouts another. Now Gil. is going up—one touch of the spur and the gap closes—he has drawn his whip—twice has he applied it—noble horse—he has reached him—nose and tail they swing into the last quarter stretch—"at him, Gil."—by Jupiter he is at his saddle girth—now he is at his neck—only ten yards more—Gil. has taken a fine pull—he sends both rowels in to the head, and lands him at the post a winner by fifteen inches, amidst the shouts of hundreds, and the low but bitter growlings of thousands.

The race is over, and I must conclude with the promise to give you from time to time more reminiscences, and a chapter or two on men, horses, riding, management, &c.

Ever yours,

N.

"JOHN BULL IN AMERICA."

PACKET SHIP "SUSQUEHANNA," off Cape May, June 22, 1839.

Farewell, a long farewell!—Henry viii.

MR. EDITOR: We have had a fine run down the noble Delaware, and are already on the troubled waters of the deep; my fellow passengers have mostly taken to their berths; their souls begin to sicken "o'er the heaving wave;" every few minutes a faint voice is heard, exclaiming, "Steward, Steward," and certain utensils bearing the names of Spode and Copeland are in general request. All this is unpleasant enough, so to keep the mind employed, I take this opportunity of thanking you for the file of papers and magazines you were so kind as to send me. The "Spirit" stirring columns of the "Times" and the racy articles of the "Register," will not fail of relieving the monotony of the sea voyage and serve to

"Cheer the wanderer on his trackless way."

This day two months, I landed on the shores of North America from the Southern Continent, and I need not tell you, for you are already aware, how delighted I have been with my visit. The first sporting character I fell in with was an oddity; his shrewd and concise remarks on horse-flesh, training, and racing, pleased me exceedingly, and I saw in the "twinkling of an eye," that in spite of his black skin, I was conversing with a man practically acquainted with these interesting topics. Who should this be, but "OLD CHARLES," leaning against the bulwarks of the steamboat, with about half a pound of "baccy" from Virginia in his cheek, and a scraper in his hand: he was watching the lads in charge of his master's horses, and I have seldom obtained more information in a short time than from this veteran trainer; his horses appeared to me to be rather too "finely drawn," the flesh, however, was well distributed, and the subsequent running of *Willis* on the Union Course, on Friday, May 10th, convinced me that I had judged hastily. You must excuse me for the

following suggestion, but I should consider it but fair on your part, who give to your American readers so many fine engravings of English horses, and jockeys, if you would give us in return a portrait of an American "artiste" and where can you find a happier subject than "Old Charles?" He is well known, and his merits are duly appreciated on every course in the United States, and there is so much character in every wrinkle of his old phiz, that it would be next to impossible to fail in a likeness.

Nothing in America surprised me more than your race-horses, for although I was well aware that the gentlemen of the American Turf, had of late years been importing our "best blood" at liberal prices, I was not prepared to see the system carried to such a degree of perfection, in a country, where, comparatively speaking, the Turf is of so recent a date. I firmly believe that any sportsman, even of your own country, who will look back upon the annals of the American Turf, only thirty years ago—when a great majority of the "Tracks," where thousands of dollars are now run for every spring and fall, were covered with the primeval forest—will share both my pleasure and surprise.

I confess, Mr. Editor, that my pleasure in seeing this, (as an Englishman) is not wholly unalloyed, for there is no disguising the fact, and fact it is, that if this enterprising spirit of importation continues another thirty years, instead of the American carrying his dollars to Newmarket, the Englishman will be obliged to send his guineas to America. This will be "turning the tables" with a vengeance, and while I cannot but admire the spirit of your sportsmen, I do lament that some of the best horses of our country have fallen into the hands of those who care not a jot for the "honor and glory" as long as they pocket the coin, but

Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames?

I employed the last morning I could spare at New York, in a visit to the establishment of Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS, on Long Island. His ranges of loose boxes, his circular training ground for wet weather, his neat paddocks with the sons of Priam and Trustee frisking about them, his private race course, with his beautiful and well arranged farm; in short all the et cetera of the domicil, approach as near the beau ideal of perfection as any establishment of the sort in this sublunary world can be expected to do. On my return I fortunately fell in with five or six American Trotters taking their exercise. Among them was the celebrated horse *Dutchman*; he is indeed a noble shaped animal, and about as well put together for trotting as any horse I ever saw; his contest with "Rattler" certainly stands in the first rank of trotting feats; for although we hear every day wonderful stories about trotting, I doubt if there are many who can "come to the scratch" when needed, and perform before thousands of spectators, twelve miles in the almost incredibly short space of 32 minutes, 46½ seconds.

I have already, in these cursory remarks, ventured to touch upon your racers and trotters. With the former I have little doubt that you are able to compete—for four mile heats—with any horses in the world, and no other country possesses the same description of horse

as the American trotter. Should the match come off (which the members of your sporting circles seem so much to wish for) between the nags of Newmarket and America, it will be of the highest interest, and I can only say "*palmarum qui meruit, ferat*"—which as you know, is the *French* for "let the best horse win." I could spin you a yarn on this topic, but the old ship is talking Dutch at a fine rate, and the pilot awaits my epistle, so,

Farewell to the shore where true Liberty rests,
Like the column of cloud o'er Niagara's crest,
Where science and pleasure advance hand-in-hand,
And the Goddess of Reason illumines the land.

Farewell to her mountains, her prairies and dells,
Farewell to her sportsmen, her beaux and her belles,
Farewell to her surges and loud roaring surf,
And though last not the least—Farewell to her Turf.

May Mingo and Priam, with Glencoe and Shark,
Produce her "repeaters" well up to the mark;
May the day never dawn when—for lack of a horse,—
My friend Captain B——h shall dispose of his course.

Our pilot, his bark is preparing for shore;
For England, "Old England," I'm steering once more;
Capes May and Henlopen retire from my view,
Once more then, believe me, yours truly—Adieu!

Vivite! Valette!

Κυρηπος.

ON DESIGNATING THE COLOR OF HORSES.

FAIRIE KNOWE, GA. May, 1839.

MR. EDITOR.—There is one practice common to turfites, breeders and writers, grown up of late, against which I desire, through your Magazine, to enter my protest and to ask your aid in the correction. It is the indiscriminate and careless use of the word *chesnut* in designating the color of horses. I presume we derive the term from the ripe fruit of the chesnut tree; if so let us give the name to that color only in the horse which approaches it most nearly. I observe, Andrew is called (and I think properly) a chesnut. Then we have Gallatin, Robin Hood and Red Gauntlet, all chesnuds, while they are as much like him in color as pink is like red lead, and no more. Let us suppose a person unacquainted with the subject, who is told Andrew is a chesnut; he will at once refer to the derivation and come to a correct idea of the horse; will he be able to do the same with regard to Gallatin, Robin Hood or Red Gauntlet? I believe not. Or let us suppose Andrew is pointed out to a tyro as a chesnut, and then be told the other horses I have mentioned are chesnuds. Can he form a correct idea of their color? Certainly not. Then why follow the practice? Years gone by, horses were called yellow sorrels, red sorrels and chesnuds, and the mind was enabled at once to conceive properly of their colors, and as words are intended to convey ideas, why pursue a practice calculated to breed confusion?

J. A. J.

The English authorities, of late years, discard any other term than *chesnut* to distinguish the varieties of the color.—*Editor.*

THE "NEW THEORY OF STALLIONS."

REPLY TO "A." BY "PENDLETON."

MR. EDITOR—I am no physiologist, therefore I may not be able to appreciate the "New Theory of Stallions," in your March and April numbers of the "American Turf Register," above the signature of "A."

The Turf Register, in most cases with us, is considered orthodox. I shall take the liberty of making a few extracts from that work, that to my mind are not in support of A.'s theory of stallions, and also a discrepance in my reading of the Turf Register, and his observations on the imported horse *Citizen*, and his stock.

I find that neither of the imported horses Diomed, Fylde, or Luzborough, left the Turf until they were aged; they had performed much service on the Turf, previous to their being withdrawn. Luzborough's winnings amounted to twenty-four races. Diomed begat Sir Archy in his twenty-seventh year. To the "high encomium on Sir Charles and his stock, that they ran fast and long," I will make an extract from the third volume of the "Register," page 18, from an article containing several queries, propounded by Sir John Sinclair, Bart., to Mr. Robson, a celebrated trainer at Newmarket:—

Second Query.—Do their perfections depend upon parentage, and whether most upon the male or female?

Answer.—Upon the parentage certainly, and on the female most.

As it regards *Citizen* and the number of his colts left, I would fain hope that "A." has not recently read the memoir of Imported *Citizen*, vol. II., page 209-10. As it regards the number of runners, and that "not one reached the head of the Turf," I will only give one, although the materials are ample, and the names of his colts.

Volume III. page 260 of the "Register," says that "Pacolet, by *Citizen*, was, in Virginia, the best 3 yr. old colt of his year, winning three sweepstakes and a Club purse, and beating Cupbearer, Monroe, and Conqueror." In page 262, Pacolet is spoken of in the following terms:—"Pacolet, 4 yrs. old, now considered the best horse in Virginia, won in the Spring the four mile heats at Richmond, beating Roxana, Maria, and five others—time of second heat, 7:54—the best ever run over the course."

As it regards A.'s ideas of the size of horses, they are to me indefinite, if they were predicated on this remark, which I don't pretend to say is his criterion.

"Hence, horses of great size, muscular power, and speed, if raced young, must break down."

I will present two horses that, so far as a man's ideas may arrive at facts historically, were the reverse of great size, or a very strong development of the muscular power, and I believe that so far as the annals of the Turf can perpetuate the fame of horses and their colts, that Imported Medley and our Native Mark Anthony will live with Highflyer or Velocipede; and for myself, I ask no better than Argyll, on the Turf at nine years old, and his daughter Kate Seyton at three.

My respects to the new Editor of the Turf Register. I am confident that if, by a removal to New York, the same change could be made on an old man, that has been made in the appearance and matter of the Turf Register, I could live a hundred years, and I would fill his blank with the same number.

PENDLETON.

[Another specimen of what a Postscript *should* be:]

I enclose you five dollars, my subscription for the Tenth Volume.

CURING THE DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

FAIRIE KNOWE, GA. May, 1839.

Mr. P.—The wolves in my neighborhood compel me to keep a pack of hounds. No person would give me a pack, and in attempting to raise one, I was encountered by the distemper. A friend directed me to draw the skin of the neck as high as I could with one hand and run a red hot iron through it with the other, just where the head joins the neck. I did so. The pup looked just as though he had been shot through the neck, behind the ears. He got well of the distemper. I have followed up the practice, and have lost no dogs by distemper since I commenced it. I use a spindle about the size of a large goose quill.

Your predecessor said, "he who gives information has a right to ask it"—can you or any of your correspondents say what improved short horned Durhams can be bought for, by one who does not want prize animals, (but the blood,) and where is the best market to purchase low in the United States. Your ob't serv't, J. A. J.

☞ See notice "To Readers and Correspondents."

LOCKJAW.

TENNESSEE, June 8, 1839.

In the course of my breeding I have lost one foal from *Tetanus*, and had well nigh lost a second. On the second or third day the navel was discovered to be swollen; the fourth day its jaws were clenched, and on the fifth it died. I did nothing, under the belief that nature would do the work. When the second foal, on the third day of its birth, was going in the same way, I bethought myself that an old horseman had assured me there was much virtue in calomel and honey. I mixed eight or ten grains of calomel in a table spoonful of liquid honey, and anointed the umbilical region, which was much swollen, and indurated. This was repeated with smaller quantities for several days; the swelling subsided and the subject recovered. I am neither physician nor farrier, and cannot assign the wherefore, but state the facts. They transpired in warm weather, in the month of June. I now always notice my young foals, and particularly in warm weather apply the calomel and honey, whether the navel is swollen or not. They are most usually inflamed in hot weather.

P.

THE AMERICAN TURF AND ITS CHRONICLING.

From the London (New) Sporting Magazine for July, 1839.

[Who would have believed a year since that an article written and published in a Sporting Magazine in London in the month of July, could be republished in an American Sporting Magazine the same month? The article below is extracted from the July number of the London (New) Sporting Magazine, and that portion of it relative to the intercourse between the two countries will be read with peculiar interest. As a large number of the readers of the "Turf Register" are not subscribers to the "Spirit of the Times," which is published in the same office, the following article will serve to show the opinion entertained of it abroad, *as a sporting chronicle*, though we confess our English reviewer has evinced a singular taste in his selections; his extracts are principally confined to whatever is novel, humorous or peculiarly graphic, in the sporting department of the "Spirit of the Times," instead of giving a taste of the quality of the essays on breeding, etc., the reports of any remarkable four mile race (which our English contemporaries always avoid), or any article which would impart to his readers a knowledge of the strength, stride, blood and performances of American horses, or of the Breeders and Turfmen of this country. Nevertheless, we like the article, as several of the most popular *Correspondents* of the "Spirit of the Times" are introduced to the notice of the British Sporting World, among whom "Pete Whetstone," "Boots," "Senex," and "N. of Arkansas," are conspicuous.]

SPORTING is, indeed,—to use an English phrase possessing a Kentucky relish,—“all alive and kicking” in the United States; and we must say, from what we have read and heard of it latterly, that racing never knew “such a gitting up stairs” in so short a space of time as it has experienced during a very few recent years. TROTTER (not Bolton-Trotter) was for a long time the order of the day; and our dear over-the-water relatives—our cousins on the other side of the Salt River—were mad in the encouragement of that nasty, awkward, ugly, chelsea-water-works-style of action (hip-bones and shoulder-bones in convulsions) which characterizes the fast trotter. A speedy toad would be a *trotter*; only it is impossible to get one fast enough. However, racing has become the rage, and surely all must allow that there is now “a method in the madness.” Blood stock, the best, is purchased at great cost; and breeding in the several States is become an object of infinite spirit and enterprise. The *lust*, too, of large stakes, of courageous, yet judicious match-making, and of the “enormous bliss” of dollar *planking* on results, is become so strong, so truly is it English in its features and its fervor, that our relationship is established beyond dispute. America is full-blood—out of us! Well may the lines of Don Juan be remembered:

“Her father’s blood, before her father’s face,
Boil’d up, and proved her truly of his *race*!”

From the list, which we gave in our last number, of the Stallions imported from this country by the Americans, our readers will be satisfied that stock of the purest strain must be secured; and in the spirit of true sporting, we shall expect that few years will run their dead-heat over our courses, before truly NATIONAL SWEEPSTAKES will be got up between English and American colts and fillies—“the Great Atlantic Derby,” or the “New York and London Oaks.” Steam vans will carry out Jem Robinson, his brother John, and a bright chesnut! Lord George will *cross*, with Lord John Day, in the

"Liverpool" or the "British Queen;" while Nat and sixteen little *Days* (the period, by the way, consumed in the passage,) will whisk across for a ride—certain to be at home—as old Lady Day will be assured—in time for the York August and the Guy Stakes at Warwick. What can prevent these friendly struggles for blood-mastership? What is the Atlantic, we should like to know? What can it do? We have found out the secret of *her stable!* and we can do *her track* in less time than it takes a quick Jew to wink at an auction for a *silver* cruet stand, that is described in the catalogue as *plated*. Won't Capt. STOCKTON *just* step over now and then—and walk back with Plenipo, Defence, and Deception—and with *gould* enough in his holy keeping to pave the city of New York so completely, as to get it a real city of London character with the Kentucky *yokells*? And is it, can it be, possible to prevent Crocky from venturing *his Boiler* alongside the *Boiler* of the Roscius or the Great Western; and trying the *planking* system in the States, against Portsmouth or Boston, so as to win such a heap of dollars as would take the American navy five years heavy work to bring them to England, and would render it necessary to have half of them laid out in building a store-house on Salisbury Plain, to hold the other half! This is no nonsense. This is founded on fact. There is no invention here. We see nothing that can prevent all this happening in *our* time. We well remember seeing Winsor light up his gas along the Carlton-house colonnade; and we thought it then, and said as much, a downright *lie*. We remember, too, when that Giant Steam was an infant, only so high; we remember it *going alone*, and thought it would never keep its feet;—and now doesn't it go!

"It walks the waters like a thing of life!"

Well! again we say to all America, that "we'll bet a dinner for the company" that there a'nt a tinge of falsehood in one word we have said. There!

"THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," a real *varmint* specimen of the American sporting periodicals, comes to us every now and then in little heaps; and we must say that the frenzy for the Turf, which rages with gentlemen breeders and farmers in the States, loses none of its life in the columns which describe and encourage the events of the course. In the New World they do somehow contrive to get the *steam up* in the English language, in a way of which we had no notion until the Americans showed it to us. Our slang is very smart and pretty; but it wants the *poetry*, the rich extravagance, of that which has beaten us. St. Giles's and Westminster are over-matched, and must "resign the belt." Our language must put on the gloves with the *Non Pareil*, and improve a bit.

The accounts of the races in "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES" are indeed so *racy* that we intend to treat our friends to a few specimens; and we rather think (after the wishy-washy records we meet with in the London daily papers, of the struggles at Epsom, Doncaster, or Ascot,) a new light will be thrown over sporting minds. Our English turf historians must really be put out to Trans-Atlantic nurse!

In April last, at "the Petersburg (Va.) Spring Races," there was a grand contest between Portsmouth, a celebrated American flyer, and

old Boston, the well known clipper of the country. We should have got in London an account of both "looking and doing well," of "getting a fair start," of "winning cleverly by a length," and of "a good deal of money changing hands." What says the correspondent of "THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES?" Here he comes with a rush!

"NEWMARKET, April 16th, 1839.

"The great struggle is over! the snake's dead and his length measured, and just afore he stretched out entire, he sort a curled up some, and come a heap short o' public expectation: but these things will take place sometimes, you know, in the best of that family. The match twixt *Boston* and *Portsmouth* (now, by rights, Portsmouth and Boston,) came off to-day midst the thousand thrills of applause that burst from exulting bosoms.

"Up to 4 o'clock yesterday evening, expectation was depressed, and disappointment was throwing its shadow over the sombre visages of the hundreds who had thronged to witness the progress and result of so exciting a contest,—it being seriously apprehended, from a series of strong presumptions that one of the parties (the 'Boss' of 'the Concern') wouldnt come to taw 'before Tea.' *Little Boots*, however, was thar' among 'em, catching the odds on the event and laying on the *keel-taps* thick; and when it got to 'two to one' that *that ar* Boss would come up, like Mr. Hugh Watt's sheep, 'a missing,' why you might have seen him 'playing on the *pint*,' and pressing for the 'Cu' with the raal 'red stack.'

"But hark! what sound is that which rolls its thunder in the vale below? and what curling volumn of purple smoke is that that reposes in the distance on the serenity of the vernal even-tide? [*Go! it, Boots.*] 'Tis the 'train' from the Norfolk boat!! The thundering of the wheel is hushed, and the shrill hissing of the vented steam tells us a visitor is there. Far down at the 'head of the stretch,' 'right on the turn,' there peered the dark outlines of the figure of a man. Up came 'Old Far,' rushing to our cosy little clique almost breathless with delighted hope; 'Stop! stop!' says he, 'I've got a pint' to win, its 'old F—!' Who takes? *Little Boots* casts his peepers that way and considers him awhile; 'slowly, very slowly,' [as Willis says] came the indistinct 'stranger,' as he neared the Pavillion. He reached it: his eyes lit upon the shelves of the bar, 'transparent,' as my friend 'The Slasher' hath it, with the 'indigenous Apple Jack:' 'twas more than human frailty could withstand; his 'parched lips' plead for 'a sprinkling,' and that 'ungodly swallow' of his 'sucked in' Poor *Little Boots* for an extra ten.—'Twas the man himself, for soon the 'badger on the cheek' was seen, and 'blue-ruin's blushes' shed their light upon his identity. 'The thing was out'—the race would be run 'certain.'

"But not so fast, if you please, Major Boots: suspense once more laid her leaden finger on the pulse of hope, and the shadow of disappointment rested on public expectation, as the 'light hair'd Boss' leaned towards 'a forfeit.' But night's shadows, like Aaron's rod, swallowed up all 'them' shadows of uncertainty, and light were the slumbers that were broke by the breathless anxiety of 'speculation.'

"Awake!—'Tis morn—the fatal day; hope hangs breathless on a hint, and beautifully the sun through the mellow haze of spring sent his horizontal beam, as his 'broad golden disk' peer'd above the forest head; and gently in 'the grove' the merry tapping of the blacksmith's hammer on the 'plates,' gave its cheering music to the morn. Doubt was quelled, and certainty begat active scrutiny in the many 'rings' of anxious 'Speculation.'

"'Tis 10 o'clock; up roll the thousand columns of 'Olympic' dust as the glistening wheels whirl it in mid-air. The Pavilion's crowded to overflowing; the booths, the trees, fences, carriage tops, are burdened with the anxious throngs; and on the field, where the young rye waves its green blades in the breeze, a moving mass of *Hope-full* humanity is seen. Hope paints her bright pictures in the bosoms of all, and animation sparkles in their eyes. The horses are stript;—the spreading blast of the bugle breaks upon the mellow air, and the noble coursers prick their ears to its music; *it thrills through the grove, and awakens ambition's pulse.* Each eyes the other with tremendous dread. Old Boston's rich satin glistens in the meridian sun, and *power's* bold lines course beautifully over his shape: majesty in his mien, and terror in his triumphant stride. But, nevertheless, the glossy silk (not reared upon the multicaulis, nor yet the meadow oat) of the dark, *wiry*, four year old, soon caught the eye; nimbleness in his pace, and his quick glance the fire of the 'forest born.'—Two to one on Boston, and few takers.

"They come to taw; Old Boston backs and hesitates for the conflict—the drum is tapped—off they go; the Luzzy on the inside, a whirling of it about thirty yards a-head in the first quarter, Boston scuffling along behind at evidently an inconvenient stroke. It very soon became evident that the 'Old Stager' was not himself, and would be beat. *But the whip and spurs take out the kinks, and he inches up a little*; the first mile is finished, and the gap still a wide one; as the last one runs out, that 'ar gap widens, and victory echoes in the thrilling shouts of the crowd. Long visages now made haggard the merry aspect of the Boston throng, and long 'rolls' of 'Johnny Brokenberry's, squint with their streaming I's, at something like a transfer. The heat was won easily by Portsmouth in 3:50.

"The odds now got 2 to 1 on Portsmouth, but the tale was told, and few takers toed the mark. *Both cooled off well*, and now they again go from the stand; Boston doing his best never reached the swift-footed Berry. Boots cotched the odds on Boston, and linkt into them natives smart, I tell you."

If *that* isn't a breather, there is no truth in woman! But, again, as to condition; in England, "looking well" is the eternal phrase—poh!

"The second day, only two entries again—Victoria and Sam Johnson. *The filly is a keener, but looked out of fix, her hair being the old coat of last year, and of a bad caste*. Sam stripped finely, and from his appearance and former exhibitions on this turf had at least the most friends."

That is style. The following passage, with reference to *Leviathan*, is interesting.

"In a former letter I furnished a brief notice of the most renowned three and four mile winners last year, their time, &c. It seems imported Leviathan now heads the list of American Stallions, as the getter of most winners. Eleven of Four mile heats, no other stallion having gotten more than three; eleven of three mile heats; and it appears he again heads the list as sire to more winners of two mile heats than any other stallion. In your last table I enumerate fourteen by him, twelve by Eclipse, eleven by Bertrand, eight by Sir Charles, six by Imp. Luzborough, five by Imp. Fylde; five by Medley, Mons. Tonson, and Woodpecker; four by Andrew, Imp. Barefoot, Medoc, and Pacific; three by Collier, Henry, Waxy, and Wild Bill; two by Imp. Autocrat, Industry, Lance, Sir Lovel, Star, Stockholder, Tychicus, Trumpator, &c. &c."

In the "Macon (Ga.) Spring Races," language is again well up in the stirrups. The following are all "alive, alive, o!" What will our readers think of five animals running six heats, in fact "all of them kings in their turns!"

[The entire report of the Macon races is here given which we need not quote; the race of six heats, referred to, was won by Head & Smith's *Frances Tyrrel*, mile heats.—Editor T. R. & S. M.]

With the following inestimably delectable *morceaus*, we must for the present quit the feast.

As to shape and make:

"Vashti is a bay, with a star and very slight stripe, about fifteen hands and an inch high; her head and neck are very pretty, and what is rather singular, considering the Muley blood in her veins, her ears are very finely shaped, and well set on. She has the finest thigh and gaskin we ever saw in anything of her measurement; through the flank, and across the loins and withers, she is also fine, with muscular arms and *hocks coming very low down to the ground*—altogether she is the finest Leviathan we have seen, and we would make a pilgrimage to see a race between her, Bee's-wing, and the Queen. She is in Porter's hands, and had the advantage in condition of any horse in the race. By-the-by, she will meet Boston at Camden next week, and we may calculate upon her making 'a flutter' on the Island—the first of Leviathan's get that ever got 'so far North!' Her dam, Slazy, was a hard bottomed mare, of whom it is remarked that she never was known to yoke a competitor without winning the heat.

"Portsmouth is a splendid colt, put up in the highest form; but his race with Boston, and the tremendous run he last week made at Washington, where he won cleverly in 5:47, 5:48½, must have made him sore; in the second heat of to-day's race, he lost off two of his plates, while a third got loose and turned on his foot! The 'old

Napoleon' very much fancied him before the race, but remarked after the first heat, although he won it, that he had not the action he had at Newmarket. He is a brown, with scarce a white mark, save a slight ring above the coronet of his off hind foot. As to a description of his 'pints' take Pete's—'jist imagine the pictur of a d—d thunderin' fine horse—the best four year old in the world,' and you have some idea of Portsmouth; but we must saddle and lead up."

As to condition:

"In the third heat Master Henry made play *from the tap of the drum*, was never headed, and won cleverly by several lengths. Argyle made a desperate rush in the last mile, and cut down Wonder, but could not live with the terrible stroke of the winner. This heat was run in 5:56. *The odds were now 10 to 1 on Master Henry, who blew out strong and cooled off finely, while Argyle was excessively distressed.*"

As to Boston and Portsmouth:

"I believe Portsmouth can beat Boston *three* mile heats handily—but *four* would make a mighty howling on the heath—the little *black ram* has never tired yet, and he was as game yesterday as a fighting fowl. His exact proportions—beautiful symmetry, and fine stroke, make him a tremendous small horse, (and not so small either.) Boston's immense quarters, loin, back, &c.—his length of body and strength, enable him to go the distance. He is a choice horse, and if Portsmouth and he come together it will be a heavy betting race. Many think Steel will beat him if they come together. But racing is poor sport now-a-days in these parts. *They fight shy with cracks—share off the purses and spoil the amusement and betting.*"

There is no "mistake" in such writing as this. If we could only get an own brother to such a reporter, we would *import* him as sure as our name is *Editor*. We don't care for his colour, nor whether he stands 15-2. We'll give the dollars for him! aye, *plank* 'em.

TYCHICUS AND AUTOCRAT.

In by gone days, by defending these noble steeds from injustice, they and their claims were more frequently before the public than seemed meet: but now that one is removed to that bourne whence there is no return—and the other far beyond the Alleghanies, their present estimation where they once did the "State some service," may be adverted to. One who "knows a hawk from a handsaw" in such matters, recommended to breeders, their blood, achievements and points, as a judicious cross for our Sir Archy and Eclipse stock. They might have profited by the suggestion. They constantly deplore the loss of Tychicus and the removal of Autocrat. Why so? Because their get, as winners, have been very successful, making extraordinary time, though but few have been trained. Wonder, Lily, and Antipator, have won for Tychicus imperishable fame; Czarina, Reliance and other winners, the same for Autocrat; three sweepstakes have been won by his get this spring; with the exception of the Sharks, I know of know blood in this quarter equally successful, in this respect. In a field of seven, the only Tychicus and Autocrat in it were 1st and 2d. Immediately after, an Autocrat won the second race that day; and the next week the two races of one day were won by Autocrats; and lately again, his son, a three year old, left the get of Chateau, Tranby, &c. in his rear. Their

time, too, is of the first order. No race of three mile heats has equalled Wonder's and Argyle's two heats! Wonder has always caused wonder. Every race he has run has been won in wonderful time; 3:49, 5:47½, 5:40, 5:45 and 7:40, in different races.* Czarina, won in 1:53 1:52 and has lately made a great race, a second heat of two miles in 3:43! But Reliance's race, 3:50, 3:49, 3:46, 3:52! an average for four heats of 3:48! eight miles in 15 minutes, 12 seconds! averaging 7 minutes, 36 seconds for each four miles run! 11:25 for six miles, average 5:42½ each three miles. JUSTICE.

* It must not be understood that Wonder was a winner in all the races in which this remarkable time was made.—*Editor.*

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS ON THE SPRING CAMPAIGN.

(Resumed from page 344 in Number for May and June.)

In the great Northern event there is no cause for wonder at the excellence of the time, first and third heats, even "considering the state of the course," nor for the closeness of the competition, when the blood and training is regarded. By-the-bye, this race on paper suffers in comparison with Henry's three heats, over the same course, and at the same age, carrying 4lbs. more weight. He and Fordham may have both lost their races by mismanagement. I have great faith in maternal influences. In this respect, as race nags, having seen both of them run, Fordham's dam was greatly the best; but in other respects, though there be more breeding in, I prefer Job's blood as more renowned, when traced to the fountain—the maternal ancestry of Sir Archy himself. Job's dam, Jemima by Rattler, (if I be under no mistake), was out of an untried Sir Archy mare; her dam Dr. Thornton's famous race mare Noli-me-tangere, by the famed Topgallant, (son of Diomed, out of a Shark mare,) and she out of Sir Archy's dam, Imported Castianira. But Job and Fordham are very nearly allied in blood, as well as being of nearly equal powers. Both were got by Eclipse, out of mares of the Sir Archy stock; the first by his son Rattler, the other Janette, the own sister to Sir Charles, by Sir Archy. More may be expected from them in future.

Boston seems to be the best and last trump played, and it is to be regretted Balie Peyton was not up to his 7:42 on the Central, and therefore could not put him up to the Eclipse and Henry time, which I have no doubt he could have surpassed, the last race he ran on the Union Course, running at his ease, in as good time as any four mile heat has been run this season. I have no doubt, too, he was not himself, when beat, in not extraordinary time, by Portsmouth—having done better in both succeeding races, running his last two miles, at Washington, in a four mile heat, in 3:45. He occupies the very highest niche in Fame's temple. None but a powerful *Monarch* can dispute it with him. His time, as made last year, as long as he ran at all, has no parallel on this side of the water.

After that, I know no parallel, for three successive days, to the

time made on the Kendall Course, *if* it be a full mile. And for near forty years no second heat of two miles has been run in the time of Imported Sorrow and Czarina, by Imported Autocrat—3:43—the exact time of Gallatin's second heat, and the best in our Turf annals. They carried full weight, too. It is gratifying that they should be owned as they are: the winner by the brother-in-law to the popular Col. WADE HAMPTON, and brother to the famed orator, Senator PRESTON, of South Carolina.*

Wonder's previous performances, as well as Argyle's, would lead to the expectation of a great race from them, if altogether right, though 5:40 in a *second* heat, following 5:47½, is astounding; Julia Burton, too, having run a good second to Balie Peyton's extraordinary second heat, at Fairfield, in 3:45, led to expect fine time from her; but Reliance's third and fourth heats are *again* astounding, for both speed and bottom. Vashti's second heat had been a little surpassed by Lady Cliffden's, but ranks next to it.†

Notwithstanding these extraordinary performances, am I wrong when I say they, nor Henry's 7:37 do not surpass Leviathan's 7:53, carrying 137lbs.? Compare that with Eclipse's 126lbs., both aged, 7lbs. to a distance of 240 yards.

* * * * *

The campaign is now over. The Calendar furnishes the whole account. Boston continues the great champion of the Turf, though Monarch and Maria Black are about as highly esteemed in their localities. If there be not better horses on the Turf now than formerly, more "good 'uns" have run during the past campaign than on any former one; and excepting at four miles, the time has never been surpassed—1:48—3:43—5:40, and 7:46, have been the best examples of time, which was made in second heats. The time in some instances has been so extraordinary as to bring in question the length of the courses, or the correctness of the timers. The judges of Sorrow's extraordinary second heat, in the best time a two mile heat has been ever run in America,—“swear” to its correctness, and others are equally positive the course is “over a mile.” Sorrow was got by Defence, the sire of Deception, winner of the Oaks, and a good second in a capital Derby race.

Good time at two miles have been more frequently made during the last winter and Spring than formerly. Wagner sustains the fame of Sir Charles at the South-West, but his laurels have been partly wrested from him by Zelina, a fleet daughter of Leviathan; and she has been following in the “footsteps of her illustrious predecessor,” Maria Black, winner of the “best race run south of the Potomac,” beating Pollard Brown, The Poney, Melzare, &c. &c. We may expect to hear more from the three and four-year-old winners, that have lately acquired much fame for their sires—Priam, Argyle, Autocrat, Leviathan, Eclipse, Medoc, Shark, Roman, Tychicus, Fylde, Goliah, and others, besides the famed imported colts. OBSERVER.

* Mr. HENRY A. TAYLOR and Col. JOHN S. PRESTON are the gentlemen alluded to. The two mile race run in 3:43, was won by Col. P.'s *Sorrow*.

† Had it not been surpassed in an eminent degree? Lady Cliffden, after running well up the first heat in 7:44, won the second and third in 7:43½—7:56½.—*Editor*.

Notes of the Month.

AUGUST.

MATCHES.—The match for \$20,000 a side, four mile heats, between Messrs. Rogers and Hatcher, is off at the latter's request. Mr. R. was to name the choice of Monarch and The Queen vs. the choice of Portsmouth and Omega.

A match for \$5000 a side, h. ft., two mile heats, has been made to come off over the Picton Course, Ala., on the 15th Oct. Mr. John Nicholls names (Henry A. Tayloe's) gr. f. *Czarina*, vs. Messrs. Long & Burton's b. f. *Cleopatra*.

A match for \$500 a side, two miles, has been made, to come off over the Prairie Course, St. Louis, Mo., on the 14th Oct. Messrs. Lane & Shacklett name *Bonny Black* vs. Messrs. Uzzell & Bissell's *Molly Long*.

Two matches have been made between Mr. Hugh L. French and Mr. John Mayse, to come off over the Fort Smith Course, Arks. The first is for \$1000 a side, two mile heats; Mr. F. names *Hannibal* vs. Mr. M.'s *Eliza Ross*. The second is for \$250, one mile; Mr. F. names *Belphine* vs. Mr. M.'s *Capt. Bluster*. The first match comes off on the 24th and the second on the 26th instant.

SALES OF STOCK.—R. D. Shepherd, Esq., of New Orleans, has sold his imported mare Moss Rose by Tramp, with a filly at her foot by Recovery, to Mr. Fergus Duplantier, of Baton Rouge, La., for \$2500.

Dr. A. T. B. Merritt, of Hicksford, Va., has sold a ch. filly but six weeks old, (by Imp. Priam, out of Sally Hope by Sir Archy,) to Capt. Geo. Sutton, of this city, for \$1000.

At the sale of the stock of the late Miles W. Dickey, Esq., of Georgetown, Ky., *Grey Eagle* was sold, with his engagement, to Mr. A. L. Shotwell, of that town, for \$6,250.

Mr. Joseph H. Van Mater, of Colt's Neck, Monmouth Co., N. J., refused \$8000 for *Hornblower* last week. Three gentlemen met at his house on the same errand, one from South Carolina, one from Virginia, and a third from Ohio. *Hornblower* is 4 yrs. old, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards.

The Hon. C. F. Mercer, of Va., has sold his brood mare *Lily*, by Eclipse, out of Garland (Post Boy's dam) by Duroc, to Col. C. F. M. Noland, of Batesville, Arks. *Lily* is in foal to Imp. Felt.

H. G. S. Key, Esq., of Leonardtown, Md., has sold his yearling b. f. by Imp. Priam, out of the dam of Reliance, to Benj. G. Harris, Esq., of the same place, for \$1500. Mr. H. is the owner of Reliance, and claims the name of *Mary Key* for his filly.

Mr. Maurice E. Boyles, of Lagrange, Tenn., has sold *Rayler*, with the proceeds of his present season, to R. P. Stark, Esq., for \$5000.

ROANOKE COLT SHOW.—The first annual exhibition of an association bearing this name was held at Boydton, Va., on the 20th of June.

It was well attended by the breeders and turfmen of the Valley of the Roanoke, and went off with eclat. There were exhibited for the four prizes, eighteen 2 yr. old colts and fillies, and fourteen yearlings; very rarely has there been assembled a more blood-like and promising lot of young things. Wm. Townes, Esq., and Col. Charles P. Green, were the managers of the exhibition, and their arrangements gave great satisfaction. Col. J. P. White, of Pittsylvania C. H., Col. John Price, of Danville, and Richard Beasley, Esq., of Petersburg, were appointed Judges, and the following is their award of premiums:—

1st. The Premium for the best 2 yr. old (a Silver Tea Service, value \$160) was awarded to Wm. Townes' ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Volney's dam by Sir Archy.

2d. The Premium for the second best 2 yr. old (Silver Goblets, value \$60) was awarded to Capt. John Eubanks' b. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Comet.

3d. The Premium for the best yearling colt (a Silver Pitcher, value \$130) was awarded to Kemp Plummer's b. c. by Imp. Sarpedon, dam by Shawnee.

4th. The Premium for the second best yearling colt (a Silver Plate, value \$85,) was awarded to Lewis Reed's br. f. by First Fruits, dam by Napoleon.

At a meeting of the Association, the following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year, viz.: Wm. Townes, Esq., President; R. E. Chambers, Esq., Vice President; Col. C. P. Green, Secretary and Treasurer; W. C. Goode and Alfred Boyd, Esqrs., Stewards.

The regular annual meeting for 1840 is to take place at Boydton, on the third Thursday in June, it being the day after the commencement at Randolph Macon College. All entries to be made to the Secretary, (his address, Boydton, Va.) The subscription list to the different Stakes are now open, viz., for 2 yr. olds, yearlings, and sucking colts; entrance \$10.

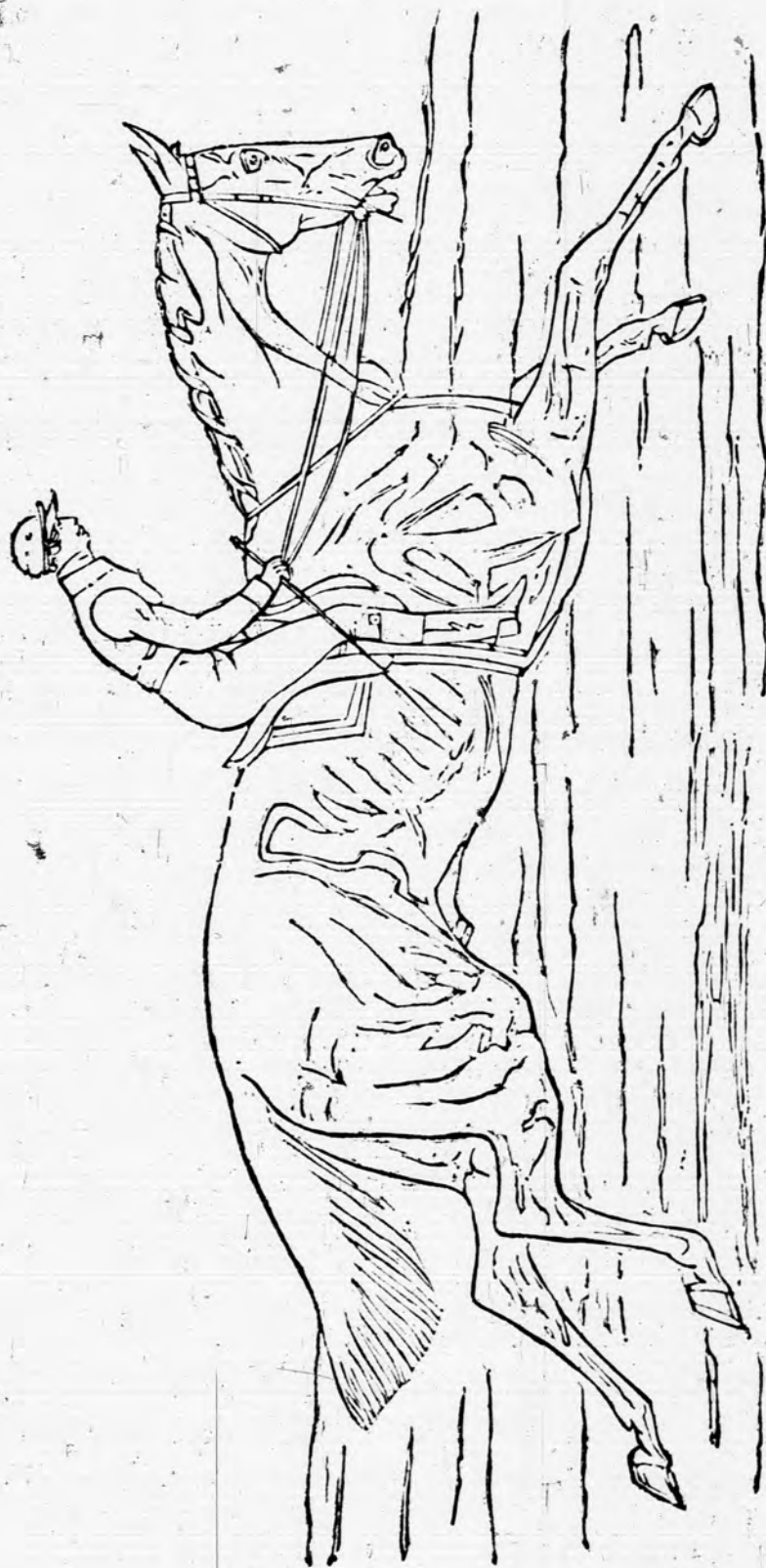
THE DERBY AND OAKS.—The "Great Western" steam-ship brought us the intelligence in time for the July number of the Register, that *Bloomsbury* had won the Derby of 1839, and the arrival of the "Liverpool" confirms the report that *Deception* won the Oaks. On the opposite page we give an outline of the Derby winner, copied from one given in "Bell's Life in London."

NAMES CLAIMED.—The name of *Rowtonia* is claimed by Dr. R. A. Nott, of S. C., for a chesnut filly by Imp. Rowton, out of Amigo's dam by Kosciusko, foaled 27th Feb. 1838. Dr. N. has disposed of half his interest in the filly to Col. J. E. Ming, of Unionville, S. C.

That of *Kate Nickleby* by Mr. John H. Anderson, for his ch. f. by Wild Bill, out of Anna Aiken by Sir Charles. Also that of *John McGee* for his b. c. by Cock of the Rock, out of Selma by Timoleon. Also that of *Minerva Proffit* for his 2 yr. old filly by Imp. Luzborough, out of Sophy Bess by Marcus Bel-air.

That of *Egremont* by H. G. S. Key, Esq., of Leonardtown, Md., for a 2 yr. old colt by Imp. Chateau Margaux, out of Lady Culpeper, the dam of Reliance and Mary Key.

That of *Hunterdon* by Mr. D. D. Schamp, of Hunterdon County, N. J., for his ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, out of the dam of Trenton and Dayton, by Tuckahoe.



BLOOMSBURY, THE WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1839.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of SAMUEL BUNCH, Esq., of near Rutledge, East Tennessee.

No. 1. MARIA SHELBY, full five feet high; foaled in 1830. She was got by old Stockholder, out of Patty Puff by Pacolet—Rosy Clack, the dam of Tennessee. Oscar, Angora's dam, &c. &c. See pedigree of Stockholder, Pacolet, Rosy Clack, &c.

Produce.

No. 2. Chesnut colt by Imp. Leviathan, foaled 2d April, 1835. He is 16 hands high, and was three times a winner, his only races.

In 1836 she missed to Imp. Leviathan.

No. 3. Chesnut filly by Imp. Leviathan, foaled 27th March, 1837: 15 hands high.

No. 4. Chesnut filly by Imp. Leviathan, foaled 8th April, 1838; of good size.

No. 5. Bay colt, foaled 12th April, 1839; large and likely.

May 16, 1839. SAM'L BUNCH.

Pedigree of JONES' Virginian—

I have been called on for the pedigree of a horse called Virginian, now in Arkansas, the property of Mr. JOHN T. JONES, of that State.

Virginian was foaled in April 1832; he was got by Marcellus (formerly Red Rover,) who was got by Sir Charles, out of Shepherdess (the grandam of Andrew) by Phenomenon, grandam by Imp. Diomed, g. g. dam by Imp. Shark, g. g. dam by Imp. Medley. See Turf Register, vol. iii. p. 637.

Virginian's dam was Pink of Retreat, by Young Tom Tough, he by old Tom Tough; his dam by Imp. Buzzard, grandam by Jones' Wildair.

Pink was out of America, by Hoskin's Sir Peter, grandam Diana by Hoskin's Americus, g. g. dam the distinguished Minerva by Bellair, out of Col. Hoskin's old Kitty Fisher. See Turf Register, vol. ii. p. 622.

Tom Tough was out of Fairy by Imp. Escape—Fairy by Imp. Bedford, out of the imported mare Mambrino.

Given under my hand,

JEFFERSON MINOR:

Midway Essex Co., Va., June 10, 1839.

Blood Stock of J. B. RICHARDSON, Esq. of York, Illinois.

FAIRIE QUEEN, bay mare, bred by the

Hon. John Randolph; foaled 1832. Was got by Gascoigne, out of Miss Wakefield by Sir Hal—Grand Duchess by Gracchus—Imp. Duchess by Grouse—Georgiana by Matchem—Magnet by Matchem—Babraham—Partner—Bloody Buttocks—Greyhound—Brocklesby's Betty by Curwen Bay Barb—Hoby mare by Lister Turk.

Produce.

1836. B. c. by Imp. Claret.

1837. B. c. *Emancipat*,* by Imp. Emancipation.

1838. Ch. f. *Ion*,* by Imp. Emancipation.

1839. Missed to Imp. Zingancee.

June 25, 1839. J. B. RICHARDSON.

* The two making the word *Emancipation*.

Blood Stock of W. G. HARDING, Esq., of Belle-meade, near Nashville, Tennessee.

Sir—This is, I suppose, the acknowledged centre of the "race-horse region." Blood Stock here is all the go. To be without it is to be out of fashion, and destitute of taste. So I too have procured a little bit of the real grit, which by-and-by I hope to increase. I began with old

JULIET, by Kosciusko; bred by Col. Singleton, of South Carolina, and foaled in 1822—Her dam Blank by Archy, g. dam Imp. Psyche (see Eng. Stud Book, vol. i. p. 232) by Sir Peter Teazle; she out of Bab by Bordeaux, her dam Speranza (sister to Saltrain) by Eclipse, out of Virago by Snap; her dam by Regulus, out of Sister to Black-and-all-Black by Crab; her dam Miss Slamerkin by young True Blue; her dam by Lord Oxford's Dun Arabian, out of the D'Arcy Black-legged Royal mare.

This is considered here the very thing. Nothing else will do. She ran several races in both North and South Carolina. In vol. iii. p. 269 of the Turf Register, is an account of a very good and interesting race between Seagull, Juliet, and Frantic, Juliet winning the 3d heat in 3:51½, losing the 4th by a few inches—won by Seagull. She also ran a good three mile race at Milton, N. C., against the distinguished Mons. Tonson.

Since it is a custom to bespeak names in your valuable journal, I will claim for all mine at once, the Greek Alphabet, from Alpha to Omega, inclusive.

ALPHA, bay, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet; the first colt bred by me; foaled 10th March, 1836. Sold to John C. Beasley for \$1240, and taken to Louisiana last Fall.

BETA, ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Juliet; of good size and beautiful proportions. She is entered in the Criterion Stake, four mile heats, subscription \$1000 each.

GAMMA, gr. f. by Pacific, out of Melzare's dam by Sir Richard, grandam by Imp. Eagle, g. g. dam by Wilkes' Wonder—Chanticleer—Imp. Sterling—Clodius—Imp. Silver-Eye—Jolly Roger—Partner, &c. Gamma is a promising filly and has two engagements for next Fall.

I hope ere long I shall be able to send you a more interesting account of this Greek Alphabet.

June 1, 1839. W. G. HARDING.

Blood Stock of Dr. J. McK. GAGE, of China Row, near Unionville, S. C.

No. 1. BEL TRACEY, by Crusader, dam by Hephestion, grandam by Imp. Bedford, g. g. dam by Imp. Dare-Devil, g. g. g. dam Lady Bolingbroke by Imp. Pantaloon—Cades by Wormley's King Herod—Primrose by Imp. Dove—Stella by Imp. Othello—Tasker's Imp. Selima.

Produce.

1838. *Chesnut filly* by Imp. Rowton.

1839. MUZA, b. c. by Imp. Nonplus. Muza was foaled 30th March, is marked with a star, and his right hind and left fore foot are white.

No. 4. AMIGO, by Crusader, dam by Kosciusko, grandam by Hephestion (the dam of No. 1.) She missed to Imp. Emancipation, and is now stinted to Old Jonathan.

No. 5. OLD JONATHAN, by Hephestion, dam by Imp. Bedford; the grandam of No. 1. He is a deep bay, with black legs, mane and tail, and now 25 years old. He was bred by Mr. Hopkins, below Columbia, S. C. When 3 or 4 yrs. old he beat Sylph, the dam of Col. Singleton's Godolphin, three mile heats. Of him Mr. B. F. Taylor of Columbia says "he was a race-horse at all distances." His pedigree has never been published, and as he has covered some thorough-bred mares this Spring, you will oblige me by doing so now.

July 3, 1839. J. McK. GAGE.

Blood Stock of Messrs. M. S. PERRY, and THOMAS J. STARKE, Fairfield District, South Carolina.

No. 1. ATALANTA, bay mare—bred by

late Hon. John Randolph of Virginia, foaled in 1828—was got by Roanoke, out of young Minikin by Gracchus—Old Minikin by President, (son of the celebrated American horse Meade's old Celer.)—Tristram Shandy,—Janus—Booth's celebrated Imp. mare

Produce.

1836. *Brown colt* by Imp. Sarpedon.

1837. Missed.

1838. *Chesnut Colt*, by Imp. Rowton, (dead.)

1839. *Bay filly* by Imp. Emancipation and stinted to Imp. Hibiscus.

No. 2. ARAB, a brown mare, bred by Col. Mackie of Rowan county, North Carolina; foaled, spring 1830; was got by Col. John C. Goode's horse Arab, her dam by Col. Richardson's Financier—grandam by Virginia Diomed, and he by Imp. Diomed, g. g. dam by Imp. Buzzard—g. g. g. dam by Clockfast, g. g. g. g. dam by old Messenger.

Produce.

1838. *Brown filly* by Bertrand.

1839. *Brown filly* by Woodpecker, and stinted to Imp. Hibiscus.

No. 3. *Chesnut filly* foaled 21st March 1838, got by Imp. Rowton, out of Polly Medley, by Col. Johnson's Medley; grandam Imperatrix, by Claibourn's Carolinian, g. g. dam by Ball's Florizel—g. g. g. dam by Bellair, (the son of Hart's old Medley,) g. g. g. g. dam by the distinguished old Celer. See Turf Register for Imperatrix and Polly Medley, in the November number of 1836.

No. 4. *Chesnut colt* by Eclipse, out of Polly Medley, the dam of No. 3—foaled in the spring of 1836.

No. 5. MACAW, a bay mare, bred by the late Hon. John Randolph of Virginia; foaled in 1828—got by Randolph's Roanoke, out of Paroquet, by Imp. Merryfield; her g. g. dam was an exceedingly fine Imp. mare, got by Poppinjay in England, (son of the Imp. horse Buzzard,) her grandam by the Imp. horse Precipitate, her g. g. g. dam Tiffany by O'Kelly's Eclipse—young Flag by Skim—old Flag by Crab—young Ebony by Childers—old Ebony by Basto. She was his Grace the duke of Rutland's famous Massey mare, got by Massey's black Barb.

Produce.

1837. *Chesnut colt*, by Imp. Rowton, (dead.)

1838. *Bay Colt*, by Imp. Rowton.

1839. *Bay filly* by Bertrand, jun. and stinted to Hibiscus.

June 16, 1839. M. S. PERRY.